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The Shape of Things

THE BEST EVIDENCE OF GREEK SUCCESS IN checking the Italian drive is the complete absence of news from Rome about the campaign apart from an announcement of a shake-up in the high command of the army in Albania. It would be unwise to overplay the extent of the setback which Mussolini's legions have suffered, but it is possible to draw some conclusions about its immediate consequences. The most important result is the shattering of Italian hopes of imitating the German victory in Poland and forcing the capitulation of Greece within a few weeks. Before General Ubaldu Soddu can regain the offensive he will have to reorganize his forces, and meanwhile the onset of winter will strongly reinforce the mountain defense line. But in the sunny islands of the Aegean the British will have time to establish their new air and naval bases, from which they already are launching punishing raids on Italy. A further consequence of Greece's vigorous resistance is the stiffening it affords to the morale of Turkey, Yugoslavia, and other threatened countries. Meanwhile Germany is holding singularly aloof from the Italian campaign. Did Hitler disapprove of his partner's adventure, which is an obvious attempt to compensate for the German *Gleichschaltung* of Rumania? And is he hoping that Italy will run into so much trouble that Mussolini will be compelled to appeal for Nazi assistance and pay a heavy price for it?

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GENERAL WEYGAND, SENT TO NORTH AFRICA to organize its defense, seems to be carrying out his task in a way displeasing to the Nazis and their Vichy satellites. They intended him to keep out the British and break any "Free French" movement, but he appears to regard his duty as including the prevention of any effort to disrupt the French empire for the benefit of the Axis powers. He is now reported to be sitting tight in Algiers and ignoring orders to return to France. His attitude helps to explain the lack of progress in Laval's negotiations with Germany.

IF NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN HAD DIED FIVE years ago he would have rated a minor place in history as an able administrator and social reformer. As it is, he seems doomed to long remembrance as one of the unhappiest misfits who ever occupied 10 Downing Street. He was not a bad man, and he genuinely sought peace and worked hard to achieve it. But because he was ignorant, obstinate, and unimaginative he led his country straight into war. It was not his failure alone but that of the class which he represented—a class so intent on maintaining its privileges, so obsessed with its fears of Bolshevism, that it entirely missed the revolutionary implications of Nazism. Chamberlain himself, even after he had listened personally to Hitler's ravings and submitted under threats to the humiliation of Munich, still failed to realize the extent of Nazi ambitions and the utter futility of appeasement. He came back really believing he had secured "peace for our time" and basked in the plaudits of a people he had deluded as he had deluded himself. That was the apotheosis of appeasement, of the sabotage of collective security which began when Japan invaded Manchuria. Step by step the British Tories under the leadership of Earl Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain broke up the hopeful machinery of the League of Nations, while always expressing devotion to the spirit of Geneva. They won the 1935 general election by promises to strengthen collective security while at the same time they quietly jettisoned sanctions against Italy. So Ethiopia was sacrificed, then Spain, then Czechoslovakia, by the men who made war inevitable because they dared take no risks for peace. Today the personal tragedy of Neville Chamberlain is being stressed, but death does not remove the disastrous consequences of failure. No British imperialist, except perhaps Lord North, ever did so much to undermine the British Empire.

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JOHN L. LEWIS, THE "GREAT PROFILE" OF the labor stage, whose career in more recent months might be described under the heading from Hamlet to ham, is due to take his own cue next week at Atlantic City and retire as head of the C. I. O. We hope there will be no hitch in the performance, but the Communist claque

which has become his main support is bound to bring out all their mechanical noisemakers to persuade the convention that Lewis is indispensable. They will fight hard, not because of their loyalty to Lewis but because his elimination will be the first step toward peace with the A. F. of L., which in turn will be the first step toward elimination of the Communist Party as an influence in a united labor movement. Knowing their talent for persistence and intrigue, we may expect fireworks, but we hope Lewis will show one last evidence of good judgment by carrying out his promise. Otherwise the C. I. O. itself will be split. In particular we hope that Philip Murray will not join the forces of persuasion. The welfare of the C. I. O. and not personal loyalty to John L. Lewis should be his first consideration.

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THE A. F. OF L. WILL BE MEETING IN NEW Orleans during the same week. A preliminary pronouncement by John P. Frey indicates that the question of racketeering is on the agenda. This is good news, and we hope the A. F. of L. will curb its automania to the extent of making it clear that racketeers cannot practice their peculiar form of autonomy on unions carrying charters from the federation.

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THE SCRAP IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE IS complaining that the principal effect of the embargo on the sale of scrap to Japan is an increase in the sale of semi-finished and finished steel to the same country. The institute, of course, wants the embargo lifted. We think the answer is to extend it to semi-finished and finished steel. Our steel companies, with huge backlogs of orders on hand, cannot possibly meet American and British needs with necessary speed. Why should they be selling steel at this time to Japan? Most shocking of all is the revelation that the Japanese are placing orders here for armorplate. Armorplate is one of the principal bottlenecks of the defense program. That two-ocean navy is likely to be long delayed by the fact that our facilities for the manufacture of armorplate are dangerously insufficient. Yet an official of the Scrap Iron and Steel Institute says "the Japanese have inquired for and placed tonnages of plates for warships and merchant vessels." Heavy shipments of machine tools, of which there is likewise a shortage, are also going to Japan. Inquiry about the reported shipment of 3,000 tons of machine tools on the Tokai Maru from New York on October 8 brought a strange answer in Washington. The *Washington Daily News* was told there was no strict embargo on machine tools because "it is a question of how far we should go in risking unfriendliness with any country." It seems rather late in the day to talk of "risking unfriendliness" with Japan.

THE REASONING OF THE SUPREME COURT in the Apex sitdown-strike decision has led the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in New York to sit down hard on the government's revival of six-year-old indictments against the leadership of the Fur Workers' Union. Judge Learned Hand, for a unanimous bench, reversed the convictions of Ben Gold, Irving Potash, and their nine codefendants under the Sherman Act on the ground that the Supreme Court in the Apex case had "repudiated" earlier interpretations of that statute. Under those earlier interpretations, which Thurman Arnold has sought to resurrect, a unionization campaign could itself be a "restraint of trade" punishable under the anti-trust laws. The offense of which the fur workers' leaders had been found guilty in the District Court was "restraint of trade" in furs between New York City and Newark. The restraint occurred in the course of a campaign to organize three non-union shops in Newark in 1932. But the Supreme Court in the Apex case made it clear that "restraint of trade" under the anti-trust laws is "restraint of trade" in the common-law sense and applies to attempts to limit *commercial* competition but not to such restraint as may occur in the course of ordinary trade-union activities. The Circuit Court, following this line of reasoning, reversed the furrier convictions, for Gold, Potash, and their fellows were not trying to restrict commercial competition but to unionize an industry.

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IN AUGUST, UNDER A LETTER OF INTENT issued by the War Department, Henry Ford began the erection of a plane-engine factory at River Rouge. This will soon be completed. The government and Ford are still negotiating the question of how the cost of the plant shall be paid. In the meantime, the Defense Commission has awarded Ford a contract to build some 3,000 engines in the new factory. Their total cost will be \$122,323,020. The Defense Commission waited, discreetly, until the day after election to announce the contract, for it goes to one of our outstanding violators of the Wagner Act, and it contains no provision requiring Ford to obey the labor law. Six NLRB orders are now outstanding against Ford, and one—involving his main factory at Dearborn—has been upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals. A stipulation providing for observance of the Wagner Act was written into the International Shoe Company contract recently after a protest by the United Shoe Workers. But the Ford contract contains only stipulations requiring the company to live up to the Walsh-Healey Act. The presence of these stipulations, of course, is no guaranty of observance; in fact, the United Shoe Workers assert that they are a dead letter in their contract. But their inclusion in the Ford contract would at least show that the Defense Commission intends to honor its repeated pledges that labor laws will be enforced on defense.

THE TEST-TUBE REVOLUTION GOES ON APACE.

A new synthetic material, Cordura, to be used in the making of automobile tires is described in the news edition of the American Chemical Society. It is made of cellulose which is derived from cotton but also from other sources; it is specially made for building tires and has several advantages over the cotton fiber now in use. Under load, the rayon fiber lengthens gradually, while cotton fiber does not. The tensile strength of Cordura becomes greater as it gets dry; that of cotton decreases. As the temperature goes up, the strength of Cordura becomes as much as thirty times that of cotton. Here are figures on performance: The best cotton tire is worn out at 21,000 miles; Cordura is still in good condition at 52,000. Run at 80 degrees Fahrenheit a cotton tire is useless after 6,000 miles; Cordura is in good condition at 20,000. Run at 106 degrees, the comparative mileages are 600 and 18,000. It is also reported that a set of Cordura tires has actually been driven more than 100,000 miles. Cordura will arouse resistance in the sales room. More serious, it will cut down further the outlets for cotton. A few years ago the social-minded Rust brothers, having invented a cotton-picking machine, took steps to insure that it would not increase the already serious economic dislocation in the South. It becomes more and more clear that we must devise some form of social control whereby the miracles of the test-tube revolution may be released without bringing hardship in their train.

Molotov in Berlin

NAZI diplomatic technique requires negotiations to be completed entirely under cover and to be followed by a much-publicized conference which proceeds to reach unanimous agreement with miraculous speed. Thus the efficiency of the "new order" is demonstrated. If this pattern has been followed in the case of Russia, Molotov's visit to Berlin suggests that the horse-trading is over and he has come to sign on the dotted line.

It is significant that on this occasion Berlin is the scene of action. In August, 1939, when Hitler had favors to ask and Russia was in a position to command a high price for its neutrality, von Ribbentrop flew to Moscow. This time Hitler is not making requests but demands, and he is able to summon the Russian emissary to his capital. The change is symptomatic of the relative decline in Soviet power vis-à-vis Germany in the past fourteen months. In spite of the huge territorial and strategic gains which Russia has achieved, it is far less able to resist German threats than it was before the war started. For there is now no western front, and if Hitler wished to strike at the Ukraine, he could leave a holding force in France and the Low Countries and switch the bulk of

his army to the east. Were he to do so, there is good reason to believe that his *Panzer* divisions would rapidly overrun a large part of western Russia. Confidence in his ability to cripple the Red Army before Britain could organize an offensive in the west is Hitler's trump card, and Stalin knows it.

The Soviets, however, still have a nuisance value, for there is no doubt that, provided his terms are met, Hitler would prefer to finish with Britain before he tackles Russia. It has always been his endeavor to take on one enemy at a time. So we can imagine that German demands on the Kremlin have been sweetened with the honeyed accents of friendship and sugar-coated with bribes. It is not very hard to guess the nature of these demands. In the first place, Hitler wants Russia to make the recent tripartite pact effective by reaching a non-aggression agreement with Japan. This would enable the latter to turn south toward the Dutch East Indies, threatening the British Empire in the rear and keeping the United States preoccupied in the Pacific. Japan is clearly eager for an understanding with Russia and probably willing to pay a fairly high price for it. However, it is looking to German pressure on Moscow to keep Russia's terms within bounds.

Germany's second requirement is the assistance of the Soviets in clearing a passage across the Dardanelles. Turkey has adopted a very firm line in the face of the Axis advance into the Balkans and has refused to abandon its British alliance. It has not gone actively to the aid of Greece, but its armies stand ready to prevent Bulgaria from stabbing Greece in the back. Still worse, they block the way into Asia Minor, which is the only available route by which German land power can out-flank British sea power. In making this stand Turkey has been acting on the assumption that Russia, equally concerned with keeping the straits out of German hands, would give it tacit if not open support. What Hitler wants, therefore, is Russian pressure on Turkey to force the Turks to come to heel. In return, it has been suggested, he is willing to offer Russia a free hand in Iran and an opportunity to win access to the waters of the Indian Ocean. As a bribe this would be doubly advantageous, for not only is it at the cost of a third party but also, if accepted, it would provide still another worry for Britain.

Proposals such as these will not be easy for Russia to swallow, for they will leave its strategic position in relation to Germany seriously undermined. It is possible, therefore, that Molotov will stall for time, especially now that the disastrous earthquake in Rumania has introduced an unexpected complication for the Nazis. The full extent of the damage is not yet known, but reports of extensive destruction in the oil fields suggest that Russian oil may now command a higher premium than ever. Dislocation of the transport system may also hinder

for a time any German move either east or south from the new Rumanian base. In short, this act of God comes as a hard blow to a man who, but forty-eight hours before, had claimed to be under the special protection of Providence, but it may well rejoice the atheist watchers in the Kremlin.

Election Profit and Loss

THE heat of the Roosevelt-Willkie campaign melted contests for lesser office into an insignificance which they hardly deserved. The election of a new House of Representatives and 36 Senators, not to mention numerous state and municipal officials, has an obvious importance in its own right. Beyond that it may be viewed as a kind of scientific control which serves to check or correct the estimate of public opinion revealed by the Presidential vote. Even allowing for the strong tendency of a victorious Presidential candidate to carry along the bulk of his ticket, the results of the 1940 Congressional elections afford scant nourishment for the anti-liberal forces of the country.

Of the 36 Senatorial contests, the Democrats won 22 and the Republicans 13, the remaining one being La Follette's narrow victory on the Progressive ticket in Wisconsin. Not counting Shipstead's abandonment of the Farmer-Labor emblem for that of the G. O. P., the elections produced only five switches in the party line-up of the Senate. Illinois, Indiana, Nebraska, and Ohio elected Republicans to replace Democrats, while the reverse process took place in Delaware. This gives the Republicans the trifling gain of three seats, two of them representing states that were carried by Willkie, and leaves the Democrats with a majority of 36. In the House the Democrats increased their majority by 10 seats.

We are not inclined glibly to equate a Democratic victory with a triumph for liberalism, and we find a few of the results of the 1940 elections rather unpalatable. We regret the loss of three Congressmen who have been particularly good on labor legislation: Reuben T. Wood, Missouri A. F. of L. official who aroused the antagonism of William Green by his determined fight on the Smith amendments; Frank W. Fries, Illinois Democrat and member of the United Mine Workers, and Kent E. Keller, like Wood a member of the House Labor Committee. The defeat of Senator Minton robbed the Administration of a powerful supporter, and the reelection of Representatives Clare Hoffman and M. L. Sweeney does their respective states no honor.

More than outweighing these losses, however, were La Follette's reelection, Senator Mead's victory over Bruce Barton, and the elevation to the Senate of Abe Murdock, who shamed his colleagues on the Smith committee by his forthrightness and judicial bearing. Fur-

ther gains were recorded in the reelection of Representatives Healey (co-author of the Walsh-Healey Act), Voorhis, Hook, Welsh, Leavy, Coffee, Boland, O'Day, and others with similarly good legislative records. Of the 116 Democrats who voted against the Smith amendments to the Wagner Act, only 10 were defeated. On the other hand, the primaries lopped off Senators Holt and Burke and rid the House of the notorious Mr. Thorkelson; and two of the most virulent opponents of the Wagner Act, Representative Anderson, of Missouri, and Routzohn, of Ohio, were defeated at the polls. The sustained strength of the Administration in all parts of the country, as reflected in the Congressional contests, makes an even sorrier thing of the pathetic post-mortem now advanced by Willkie diehards to the effect that their hero would have won but for the unfortunate geographical distribution of a few hundred thousand votes.

A Mellon in the Manger

THE St. Lawrence River falls 224 feet on its 1,200-mile journey from Lake Ontario to the Atlantic. It is the most even stream on the continent; the variations between its maximum and minimum flow, a crucial factor in power development, are slight. Waiting to be harnessed in the steady pour of the St. Lawrence's waters is the greatest source of hydroelectric power on the North American continent. Most of this great river lies in Canada, but the United States shares ownership of the turbulent International Rapids section between Ogdensburg and Massena, New York. Along these forty-nine miles, the river falls ninety-two feet, and here electricity could be developed at a cost of little more than one-tenth of a cent per kilowatt hour, a fraction of the cost of generating power by steam.

Modern warfare depends in large part on the electrochemical and electro-metallurgical industries, and these in turn are dependent, as their name implies, on electric power. In New York State, within reach of St. Lawrence power, are raw materials for some of the most important of these industries. These include four billion tons of magnetite and hematite iron ores, of which a billion tons rank with the purest in the world; billions of tons of pyrites for the production of sulphuric acid; the finest and most extensive deposits of salt in the country, assuring unlimited supplies of sodium and chlorine; excellent deposits of graphite and zinc. Other raw materials of war and industry could be readily and cheaply transported to the power sites via the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway. Development of the International Rapids for power would also clear them for navigation. Thus the power project and the waterway are interconnected, and the two combined represent a mighty potential addition to America's defense and industrial development.

The struggle to unlock the potentialities of the St. Lawrence Valley, which has now been going on for more than a generation, has been a struggle between the people of the United States and of Canada on the one hand and the enormous political and economic power of the Aluminum Company of America on the other. The price of power is a major factor in the price of aluminum; the maintenance of the one is essential to the maintenance of the other. Mellon's giant monopoly in what has become one of the basic materials of modern industry and modern war stands like a colossus across the Canadian-American border, with a firm grip not only on the St. Lawrence but on its tributaries, the St. Maurice and the Saguenay, and on the Niagara, at the other end of Lake Ontario. The Aluminum Company of America has exercised a veto over every power project in this great area on both sides of the border. Where the Aluminum Company could get its way, power was developed. "Where the threat of public development," the New York Power Authority said some years ago, "assured the possibility of competition with its power and aluminum monopolies, the development was blocked." Mellon's millions had their way.

Mr. Roosevelt has precipitated the fight again by allocating \$1,000,000 from the \$200,000,000 special defense fund given him by Congress, to pay the cost of a preliminary engineering survey. And the Mellon interests, with their Niagara-Hudson (Morgan) power allies, have launched another propaganda campaign against the development of the St. Lawrence. The Aluminum Company must have its profits and its monopoly, let defense suffer as it may. The coal interests are being mobilized by the fear of cheap power, New York port interests by their fear of a waterway. Railroads and railroad labor are being told that they would suffer from the competition of the new seaway. American manufacturers and shipowners are being confronted with the bogey of enhanced foreign competition. All the musty arguments that were used by toll roads against canals and by canals against railroads are being resurrected in an effort to convince the American people that they would be harmed, somehow, by cheaper transportation, cheaper power, cheaper production costs, and a cheaper bill for defense. *The Nation* intends to return to the subject of the St. Lawrence and to discuss the musty arguments being brought forward. At this time it wishes to stress only one point. A major defense program will transform the St. Lawrence from a question of cheaper power to one of *sufficient* power. St. Lawrence power will soon be a necessity. The Aluminum Company and its allies would like to control that necessity and impose a heavy price on its use. Congress, which will face this issue very soon, must decide whether it is primarily concerned with the defense of the Aluminum Company or with the defense of the United States.

Unity for What?

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

THE formula of national unity was stated intelligently and magnanimously on the day after the elections by speakers at the meeting held at Carnegie Hall in New York by the Council for Democracy. It has been put forward in varying terms by most of the newspapers in the country, including many which supported the candidacy of Wendell Willkie. Stripped of rhetoric and qualifications, the formula is this: Our democracy is in danger. It is threatened by one of the strongest military tyrannies in history. We can defend it only if we stand together, putting aside domestic animosities, and striving as one man to build a nation unassailable by any outside force.

Many of the supporters of unity take pains to point out that they favor continued political opposition so long as it is patriotic in its purposes and honest in its methods. As Dorothy Thompson said in a recent column, "We need to say to the opposition, 'Cheer up, you're among friends.' And prove it." An engaging plea for political conflict in the midst of crisis is made by Jonathan Daniels in his page in this issue. Mr. Daniels defends the old American custom of political vituperation; he believes in the creativeness of controversy; he believes that unity itself draws vitality from the ancient freedom to disagree.

I find myself curiously disturbed by this whole discussion. I find myself shying off from a concept of unity untethered to events and policies. The eloquence at Carnegie Hall left me both exalted and confused. Even the common-sense distinctions put forward by Mr. Daniels and Miss Thompson fail to wipe out my doubts.

If the sort of world in which I shall care to live is to survive, certain changes must be swiftly effected and certain acts must be performed. If they are not attended to soon, the struggle that this nation is engaged in will be lost, and it will be lost for the whole world. And so a concept of unity which blurs the issues on which the struggle is being waged is not a source of national strength but a threat to it. Only a unity consciously and militantly dedicated to the end for which democrats are fighting on this planet has value or should be encouraged. Any other concept is smeared with a dangerous Hitlerian mysticism.

What we must unite upon is a bold program of democratic advance. It must be founded in a determination to prevent the domination of our social and political life by powerful private interests. It must include a sharp analysis of the ways by which fascist intervention proceeds to wreck a democratic state. It must demand uncompromising action against such intervention. It must encourage the most efficient and self-effacing collaboration between democratic elements; building a front to

which anti-fascists of all parties and nationalities can repair. It must defend social gains as the best basis for a strong national defense. It must insist that representatives of the broadest social groups be drawn into the political general staff. It must insist that representatives of narrow private interests be required to conform to a policy of genuine democratic control, and that the private interests themselves be held to rigid standards of public service.

And beyond such matters of domestic organization lie the issues of the struggle itself. This struggle is not only or even primarily an international war. It is a revolutionary conflict which is being fought simultaneously across national lines and inside each nation. Our recent election was a reflection of the conflict with many of its ugly symptoms hardly concealed. At this point I want to quote a few lines from an article by H. G. Wells which you will read on a later page of this issue. Mr. Wells is discussing the new world order. He says:

It is now urgent to replace not only our national sovereign states but also our competitive and wasteful economic exploitations by a more highly organized method. To achieve a progressive world organization as speedily as possible, before extinction overtakes us, is therefore the primary problem. . . . Everything rests on our ability to solve that. Unless we are clear about that, not merely world peace but the survival of our species in its present form is just futile aspiration. . . .

Organized world peace and welfare mean such a revolution in human life as will dwarf all previous revolutions to comparative insignificance. They mean such a universal scrapping of time-honored institutions as mankind has never faced hitherto.

These words are worth pondering when we consider the proposals for political unity which today brighten the pages of the press. If you believe Wells is basically right, as I do, you will think twice about the value of such indiscriminate gestures of reconciliation as "putting Willkie in the Cabinet." And you will flatly oppose other suggested measures of appeasement—an end to new reforms, concessions to business—which are being urged upon the President in the interests of an undivided front.

The election was not a football game; and its rivalries are not to be wiped out by getting together afterward over a mug of beer to sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." That technique is in the American tradition, but the tradition is an adolescent one. Today a harder mind and a more severe judgment are called for. The fact is that unity is valuable only if it is genuine, and it is genuine only if it springs from common effort in a common cause. The boys in the Willkie clubs are not to be put down as enemies of democracy; but neither are they to be brought into the democratic camp by promises to water down democracy.

That has been tried. It was tried in England until the genuine divisions of policy and loyalty in the "united" Chamberlain Cabinet well-nigh delivered the country into the hands of the Nazis. It was tried in France: unity was the slogan even when reactionaries and Communists were sabotaging the war and Hitler's troops were moving across the border. In each case the underlying meaning of the war was played down in the mistaken idea that only by ignoring unpleasant realities could the nation present an appearance of solidarity.

The only sort of unity that can be trusted to endure the strain of these coming days must emerge from a clear formulation in Washington of the issues of the world struggle. On such a basis might be built a genuine united front of all elements that can reasonably be expected to work together. Some of those elements can doubtless be drawn from among the more liberal supporters of Wendell Willkie; there may be many a Patterson or a Stimson in the ranks of the Crusaders. But in that united front there will be no room for the reactionaries and bigots and appeasers who were with Willkie to a man. In this struggle they are to be kept on the other side of the political barricades.

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Editor and Publisher
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The Press Loses the Election

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, November 11

THERE is deep resentment here against the press. Part of it is due to a post-election peeve. The campaign was a dirty one, and the winners forget that so was almost every other Presidential campaign in our history and that they gave as well as they got. Part of the anti-newspaper feeling in Administration circles is due to the misrepresentation to which New Dealers have been subjected since 1933. It causes them to feel at times a maddened exasperation about as logical as the fury of a bear which has been bitten by a bee.

Secretary Ickes provided an example at the press conference he called last week to gloat over the contrast between the views of the country's newspapers and the verdict of their readers. The Secretary wanted to know why a newspaper should print an editorial for national unity on its front page and yet carry inside "as bitter an attack by a columnist as can be written on the President and the President's family." Presumably the paper to which he referred was the *Washington Post*. The columnist was Pegler. Secretary Ickes—I hope—did not intend to imply that the *Post* should have dropped Pegler's column, but he certainly sounded as if he did, and when his interlocutor goaded him to it, the Secretary said he didn't think a newspaper to be free had to print sewage. Here the New Deal's doughtiest laid himself wide open. The press will not be made freer by encouraging publishers to censor their columnists.

The problem of the press in its main outlines is well enough understood. To exercise freedom of speech one needs only vocal chords. It is not necessary to buy a cathedral in order to enjoy freedom of worship. But freedom of the press is the inalienable birthright only of an American who can lay his hands on a million dollars. The Constitution gives every American the right to own a newspaper, as it gives every American the right to own a diamond tiara. The problem of the press is one facet of the monopoly problem. No one denies that freedom of the press is precious. Many New Dealers feel that it is too precious to be left in the hands of so few people. Six chains control roughly one-fifth of the total newspaper circulation of the country, and most of the press faithfully records the *vox populi* of the country clubs. The election returns show the widening rift between the common people and the press. Secretary Ickes cited the results of a survey which *Editor and Publisher* may wish it had never made. This showed that Mr. Roosevelt was elected in 1932 with the support of 40 per cent of our

daily press; in 1936, with the support of 36 per cent; this year, with less than 23 per cent behind him.

These figures, which lump little rural sheets with huge metropolitan organs, actually exaggerate the extent of Mr. Roosevelt's journalistic support. In terms of circulation I doubt whether more than 16 per cent of daily-newspaper circulation backed the President for reelection. I know of only eleven dailies of considerable size north of the Mason and Dixon Line which were for Roosevelt. They are the *Springfield (Massachusetts) Republican*, the *News, Post*, and *P. M.* of New York, the *Philadelphia Record*, the *Camden (New Jersey) Courier-Post*, the *Chicago Times*, the *Post-Dispatch* and *Star-Times* of St. Louis, the *Kansas City Journal*, and the *Los Angeles News*. Only two northern chains supported the President—the McClatchy press in California's central valley and J. David Stern's Philadelphia-Camden combination. Nor was the solid South solid journalistically. The only big paper supporting Roosevelt in Tennessee was the *Nashville Tennessean*; the only one in Kentucky was the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. None of the papers in San Antonio, Dallas, Houston, Memphis, or New Orleans supported Roosevelt. The election results are hardly a testimonial to the power of the press.

Not that the newspapers didn't do their best. An analysis of how five leading pro-Willkie papers allotted their space during the campaign shows how hard they worked to elect their candidate. The papers studied were the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, the *Rochester Times-Union*, and the *Los Angeles Times*. In the aggregate, on two typical days in October, they gave 2,243 inches of space to Republican material, 348 inches to Democratic. In percentages of total space devoted to both, this gave Willkie 86.6 per cent and Roosevelt 13.4 per cent. The *New York Times* and the *Rochester Times-Union*, a Frank Gannett paper, were the fairest of these five. They actually gave the President and his party a third of the space devoted to politics, only two-thirds of it to Willkie. This by comparison was high-minded and magnanimous. The *Chicago Tribune*, the worst of the five, gave Willkie 96 per cent of the space; Roosevelt, 4 per cent. The dossiers of the New Deal, which takes a masochistic pleasure in following the press, are full of horrid examples culled from the past campaign. Perhaps the most amusing was the protective censorship exercised by the *New York Times* over its own candidate. Last June 4 *Look* published an article by Willkie suggesting that Roosevelt

run for a third term. The *Times* refused to take an advertisement about the article from the National Committee of Independent Voters for Roosevelt and Wallace.

A good deal of nonsense about the past appears in attacks on the press. Newspapers today are probably edited with more decorum and fairness than formerly. Jefferson's devotion to a free press met its test in *Federalist* scurrility. Jackson and Lincoln were treated more harshly than Roosevelt. Bad as the propaganda against the New Deal has been, it has never fallen quite so low as that to which Bryan was treated in 1896. Unfortunately the best that can be said for most of our newspapers is that they are not as unfair as they once were. They are not the medium they ought to be for the discussion and debate of the great issues before us. These issues center about the need to subordinate the rights of big property to the public good and the national safety. It is hard for the owners of newspapers to consider objectively changes that would cut down their own power and privileges and those of the minority for whom they speak. How to curb their power without curbing free-

dom of expression is a problem so ticklish that few politicians have the courage to discuss it even in private. Some of the suggestions that bubble up in conversation here from time to time make a newspaperman shudder: a "Pure Food and Drug Act for newspapers," administered by a kind of Pontius Pilate commission to determine what is true; non-partisan boards in each community to advise editors; the old Minton brainstorm of three years ago—a law to forbid the transportation of falsehoods in interstate commerce. There is hope that perhaps some day the men who write the newspapers may share control with the men who own them. There is some but not much talk of a government newspaper as a kind of yardstick in the field of the press. The radio is looked to hopefully as a check on the newspapers.

The New Deal is prepared to surrender much to prevent an open fight, but I hope there will be a limit to its patience. The press is still the principal means of free discussion. No government is good enough to be trusted with its control. But control of the press by a few wealthy individuals or corporations may be just as unwholesome.

Fight, Cheat, or Yield

BY H. G. WELLS

IS PEACE POSSIBLE NOW?

THE world is full of warfare. In Britain we are spending six million pounds a day, I gather, on the war. And in spite of anything that that sincere supporter of the present monetary system, Mr. Maynard Keynes, may say or do, this means bankruptcy and inflation within a measurable time. In a little while we may find money in our pockets that will practically buy nothing. So far as I can see, all the gold in the world is gravitating now to the vaults of the United States of America. When it is all safely interred there, America may be considered to have won the Gold Standard game. I presume that then the rest of the world will have to work out a new system for exchanging labor and commodities. For we shall still have our hands, our heads, our land, and our raw materials.

How to reanimate that land and those materials is likely to be a difficult and contentious process. It is a matter that our experts in business management should be attending to now, most urgently. They should be making schemes for barter and a new and independent exchange system. So far as I know, nothing of the sort is being done, and in our careless British fashion we are likely to be caught by this problem unawares, and undergo all the stress and suffering that unpreparedness entails. Not only here but all over Europe a progressive

social disorganization is plainly apparent; day by day we can see things getting worse, education being disorganized and demoralized, the standard of living sinking, freedom dwindling. The first question, therefore, we have to put to ourselves is: Is it possible to get any peace now? What sort of peace can we possibly have at the present time?

We still read speeches and articles advocating a peace settlement now. But ask these writers, "Is it a peace that would allow us to disarm?" and they will say, "No, we must keep armed to the teeth." Is it a peace that would lift in any way that apprehension of sudden attack which hangs over all the world today? No, such a peace is inconceivable at present. Anything you could call a peace would be so insecure that it would still cost six million pounds a day and do nothing material to arrest the progressive disorder of our lives. The balloon barrage would still have to stay in the sky and the troops under arms. Such a peace would be a mere technical change of no practical importance at all. Instead of being technically at war as we are now, we should be technically at peace, as China and Japan are at peace now. When England and France declared war last September, they started something that it is going to be very difficult to stop.

So let us ask: What is the real nature of this strange, new-fashioned war which we are so incapable of ending

in any effective way? Obviously, we cannot make any hopeful plans for restoring order to the world until we know the real nature of its disorder. Do we know—are we clear on this matter? I suggest we are not. We are all ridiculously at sixes and sevens, because so many people who set up to be leaders of thought prefer to be eloquent and demonstrative when they ought to think. What, in the broadest terms, is happening to the world?

WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING AGAINST?

I ask: Are we fighting against anything definite at all? You will hear it constantly repeated that this is "a war of ideologies." You will hear about the totalitarian state, National Socialism, Bolshevism; and you will hear it stated and implied that these are new and more complicated methods of state organization that are coming into existence, that the "individual" is to be subordinated to these new elaborate state systems, and that the present struggle is a struggle to preserve our individual freedom and self-respect from envelopment in this serpent of the totalitarian state.

Either this is true or it is not true. I submit that it is not true. I am going to ask a very simple question indeed: Do any of these states really exist at all? Is there such a thing as a totalitarian state in being? Is there a National Socialist state? Is there now anything in the nature of a working system that you can call Bolshevism? Is there any sort of definite working social organization anywhere corresponding to any of these words?

If these things are in existence, if these alleged new and more elaborate state organizations are living realities in our world, then they must consist almost entirely of people who have definite places in them; people who have specific jobs; people who know they are safe if they do their jobs properly; people as sure in their actions as cogwheels in a watch, knowing clearly how they stand to one another, knowing clearly how this wonderful new organized state in which they live and move and have their being stands toward all the rest of the world. We must, in fact, be facing a higher and more complicated order, with a shape and a character and a mind of its own with which we can deal. It will have a character with which we can negotiate and upon which we can rely. Well, where is there such a living "ideology" in operation? Our politicians and journalists reach out in search of such a system, and do they find anything of the sort? I suggest that nowhere on earth do these things—totalitarianism, National Socialism, Bolshevism—exist, and that when the distinguished writers and radio talkers call this "a war of ideologies" they are talking nonsense.

Bolshevism, I admit, did at one time seem to contain the promise of a system of constructive ideas. Twenty years ago, when I had the privilege of talking to Lenin, I found that fine, valiant, and subtle intelligence en-

tangled in the vast beard of Karl Marx, and doing its best to struggle out of that huge fuzz to real constructiveness. But he was learning the job from the ground up! He was reading Chiozza Money's "Electrification of Holland," and he was full of a scheme for the electrification of Russia—which rather overlooked the difference in the distances between centers in the two countries and the consequent cost in copper cables. I have described the talk I had with him in "Russia in the Shadows," and in that book you will find I foretold clearly the devastating danger of Marxist planlessness—planlessness and dogmatism. "Come again," said Lenin, "in ten years' time."

Six years ago I did go again to see what was happening in Russia, and then I had the privilege of talking to Stalin. That talk also is on record. I wanted to know the structure of the new society he was producing. What was its character, its spirit, its working organization? I had just come from America. The New Deal was being crippled in America for want of a competent civil service. What was Russia doing? I hoped rather than expected to find Russia one vast civil service falling into order. I found nothing of the sort. I found in Russia no development of any securely ordered society whatever, no system in which a man could do his job without fear, in which he knew where he stood, in which one man could trust another and speak fearlessly to him; no society in which there was any real developing social structure. In certain material particulars Russia had progressed with the rest of the world, but not nearly so fast as the rest of the world, and chiefly by importing American notions, tractors, and so forth. The only organization that had developed was the secret police and personal espionage. Russia was no more a new social order in 1934 than it had been in 1920. It was less so. It was plainly relapsing into autocracy.

Sir Nevile Henderson has told how he went to Germany to find a Germany with which this country could deal. And what sort of report did he bring back? Nothing but gossip about personalities—how he shot with Göring and gossiped with Goebbels, gossip and nothing else—and why? Because manifestly there was no National Socialist state there for him to deal with, nothing but forceful groups and individuals, incalculable because there was neither law nor ideal to control them. So far from any state or new order having triumphed over the individual, the truth manifest in his revelations is that groups and individuals had triumphed over any system whatever, and that National Socialism, like the totalitarian state, and like, I am afraid, Bolshevism at the present time, was just theoretical eyewash for a purely individualistic control.

The truth is not that the state has suppressed the individual in Germany but that forcible and entirely irresponsible individuals have captured the state. Trotsky, in his published denunciations of Stalin, bears witness to

the same thing in Russia. He presents the government of Russia as Henderson presents the government of Germany, as entirely a handful of individuals, running amok in a steadily disintegrating community. That, I suggest, is the essential difficulty of our situation. There is nothing there to make peace with. You cannot make peace with disorder. Disaster, gang tyrannies, a collapse into a brigand world; that is what we fight against! And now let us ask ourselves what we are fighting for.

WHAT ARE WE FIGHTING FOR?

I ask now, what reality have we on our side, we who are fighting against these gangs of individuals who are professing to be new social systems? Are we so very different? What is this Western civilization of ours for which we are asked to take every conceivable risk, for which we are asked to make every possible sacrifice? There again we find people giving the most completely contradictory accounts of what we stand for. Surely we have to clear these contradictions out of the way? One account must be right and the rest wrong.

If you will read a booklet called "The British Case" (a government publication I commend to your most earnest study) you will learn that we are fighting not simply for the British Empire throughout the world but for the Christian religion. We are fighting a religious war for Catholicism. From this appalling document you will be able to judge how much our present government cares for the hardships of the Jews in the concentration camps or the restoration of slavery in Central Europe. The greater part of the British Empire, you will realize, is still, from the point of view of Lord Halifax and his associates, no more than "the lesser breeds within the law." Do we English as a main objective in this war really want to shove our religion down the throats of all mankind? This canting stuff is far below even the liberal British imperialism of the nineteenth century.

Yet we fight, and we fight with a sense of being right. What is it, then, that we fight for? I think most of us will be in agreement that we are fighting for something very much greater than any empire—something far beyond the cramped ideas of that dismal pamphlet, something we may all agree in speaking of as democratic civilization. We feel that we have a reality in that, a reality that justifies our appeal to world opinion. Manifestly, since we are all in this conflict, willy-nilly, it is of fundamental importance that we should have a clear idea of what this democratic civilization is. Have we got such an idea defined? If not, then if we are to have clear-headed cooperation, we must go on to that definition now.

You will encounter the most diverse statements about this democratic civilization of ours. And the curious thing is that all these diverse ideas have a certain plausibility. One man will say that democratic civilization is an expansion of medieval Christendom; another will present

it as a natural development of the Graeco-Roman culture; Marxists will declare we are living in the last stages of the capitalist system; and others will talk of the peculiar geographical advantages of Britain or of Europe and the peculiar energy of the Northern peoples which gave our Western civilization the leadership of the world. I suggest to you that all these ideas have factors of truth in them, but that none of them is the whole truth; that the reality of our Western civilization is a vast complex of traditions, usages, rules, laws, dominations, and devices which at the opening of this present century did in effect dominate the whole world. It was, I suggest, a vast growth, a happy concatenation of accidents, containing no guaranty of its permanence. And now it has ceased to dominate the world.

One aspect of this dominant Western civilization of the nineteenth century was the universal validity of the gold sovereign. I would call your particular attention to that. When the history of our times comes to be written, I think historians will be disposed to call it the Gold Standard Age, or the Age of Investments. Prosperous people distributed their savings and felt sure of their dividends, levied their tribute, in fact, from China to Peru. With a passport and a letter of credit they could go in comparative freedom and safety all over the world. Throughout that phase, in spite of much social injustice and slums, sweating, exploitation, there was a working order in the world that gave a fortunate minority, but a considerable and increasing minority, security and a fairly hopeful life. There was real progress, and ample justification for optimism.

I won't attempt to analyze the forces that created this transient world domination, this Golden Age, of the investor. The repeated discovery of new gold deposits had a lot to do with it. But toward the end of the Victorian era something happened. That phase passed its climax. What happened? I suggest that what happened was that the huge complex of Westernized civilization began to fall to pieces through the operation of forces I will next consider, and also I suggest that nothing has yet appeared to restore or replace that complex. If so, then we are not faced with a conflict of two types of state or anything of that sort; we are in the presence of one single world system which is breaking down, and nothing whatever has appeared yet to set against this collapsing order.

And here I come to something still more vital and fundamental, about which I think all men of good-will ought to come to a common understanding. Either you have to declare what I am now going to say is misstated or altogether untrue or I do not see how you can avoid making it the basis of your interpretation of our difficulties. I encounter an extraordinary inability in earnest, peace-seeking people to incorporate this reality in their always amiable and earnest proposals. I do all I can to keep it before them. I write it in capital letters,

I put it to them gently, and they smile and disregard it; I put it to them insultingly, and they seem pained by my manners and pass on. I cannot persuade them to treat it as the primary fact in our world problem. They are so saturated in an old-fashioned conception of history that they are impervious to new ideas. Why, I ask, will people go on discussing the riddle of peace in historical terms that are superseded?

The bedrock realities upon which all our ideas of social and political policy must now rest are, I assert, as follows: *A complete biological revolution has happened to our species. There has in the past half-century been a complete reversal of the conditions under which human beings have to live. A tremendous development of invention and discovery has swung us round, in less than half a century, from need to possible abundance, and from remoteness to unavoidable contact.*

One most obvious result of that development has been to bring all the people of the world together upon each other's doorsteps. This is spoken of generally as the abolition of distance, and this abolition of distance is something that has made every national sovereign state in the world too small for contemporary conditions. Let me repeat these words—they are too small for contemporary conditions. But there they are! There has also been an incredible increase in power and productive capacity. It is now a simple statement of fact that we could have a world of universal prosperity if we had peace. That was not true half a century ago. There has been a tremendous release of energy, and the present political, social, and economic organization of the world gives no scope for its utilization except in destructive violence and war.

It is not only mechanical energy that is set free but human energy of a most urgently restless type, in the form of great numbers of restless unemployed young men. These supply the driving force for the hooligan, the Nazi, Fascist, Communist, the I. R. A. movements that are everywhere tearing our social order to pieces, and until we find a way out of this incessant revolt and conflict that will turn this human energy into creative channels, matters will go on from bad to worse. We have to adapt ourselves to these new conditions or perish.

WE FIGHT FOR A NEW WORLD ORDER

This is the gist of the human problem. For consider: what we call war today is not war as history has known it. It is a different thing. Its destructive effect is immeasurably greater. It is now a truism that if we do not end war, war will end us.

Nor is the competitive hunt for profit and dividends the same tolerable process that it was in the past. I find that few people realize how much of our business exploitation today is a wastage of resources that can never be replaced. Few people realize the destructiveness of busi-

ness competition nowadays. We are not only burning up our coal and our oil, and sweating and degrading the workers who are employed for that service, but we are rapidly stripping our planet of its forests, and so turning a wholesome, mitigated rainfall into an alternation of droughts and soil-destroying torrents. We are exterminating hundreds of precious and interesting species that can never be replaced and turning millions of acres of grassland into dusty deserts. All this is ascertainable fact. Unregulated competitive business, because of the new teeth and claws that invention and discovery have given it, is doing this.

We have power and more power, and everywhere it is being used to knock our world to pieces. That is why it is now urgent to replace not only our national sovereign states but also our competitive and wasteful economic exploitations by a more highly organized method. To achieve a progressive world organization as speedily as possible, before extinction overtakes us, is therefore the primary problem, about which Mr. Everyman—you and I—has to get his mind clear now. Everything rests on our ability to solve that. Unless we are clear about that, not merely world peace but the survival of our species in its present form is just futile aspiration.

We have to achieve the reorganization of the world as one continually progressive political, social, economic, and educational community, and embark upon the realization of the abundance and ever fuller life for man that are now obtainable. Am I right in that? Or have you some other end in mind about which I know nothing? If so, will you tell me what that end is? Can you set up the universal peace and plenty that are now clearly possible on earth in any other way?

THE REAL "REVOLUTION"

Let me ask you now what the setting-up of one sovereign peace in the world and one general economic control means. I ask you not to be afraid of the word "revolution." Speak English. Don't think of revolution as an affair of street barricades, of heads on pikes, and of beautiful ladies in tumbrils going to the guillotine. Our "Glorious Revolution" in 1688 had none of these ingredients, and the revolution that established the Hanoverian Succession was practically bloodless. You can have a revolution without massacre or violence. But anyhow, I submit that organized world peace and welfare mean such a revolution in human life as will dwarf all previous revolutions to comparative insignificance. They mean such a universal scrapping of time-honored institutions as mankind has never faced hitherto.

Consider: man has always been a war-making animal. Our sovereign national governments arose as war-making organizations, and now we are proposing to set up one single *Pax* in the world. That is quite a fundamental change of front for humanity. How can we do that with-

out either completely amalgamating all existing governments or reducing them to the position of ceremonial memories like Halloween or the Ancient Society of the Druids? I put it to you with the utmost deference that anyone who runs about now demanding permanent world peace and who is not prepared to scrap his own government and amalgamate the general control of political and economic life into a world-wide system is either muddle-headed or insincere, or both. This means the end of the British Empire quite as much as the end of German imperialism. You have to face it.

In other words, I am saying that if we really want world peace and world welfare, then we are world-revolutionary socialists, and for my part I cannot see how we can escape the chain of reasoning along which I have been led to this conclusion.

THE TRIPLE CHOICE

So I reason that, at the present time, there is a choice of three roles for everyone. Convinced by such con-

siderations as I have put before you, you may decide more or less honestly to be a revolutionary. That means the utmost self-obliteration of which you are capable in a good cause. You will find that idea worked out very clearly by a great Russian psychologist, a former colleague of Pavlov, Chakhotin, in a book called "The Rape of the Masses." You should read that book. Become a conscious, devoted revolutionary. That is the first alternative. Or you may try to dodge about in the convulsion in human affairs ahead of us, buy gold bars, for example, and bury them, cheat or wangle advantages, or resort to political gangsterism and barefaced robbery. Or, thirdly, you will join what will probably be the great majority of mankind in the days ahead. You will submit, you will bolt, you will evade facts until they overtake you. You will join those that form always the great majority in a decadent species, the fugitives and victims.

That is the triple choice before you: *either a revolutionary, or a gangster-trickster, or a victim.* Fight, cheat, or yield. Your pride and conscience must decide.

The Battle of Tin

BY EDSSEL KELLY

BEHIND the scenes in Washington a struggle is being waged over a phase of Western Hemisphere defense which is as vital as it is obscure—the construction and control of plants for smelting tin in the United States. Neither Bolivia—our only easily accessible source of tin ore—nor the United States has at present any tin-smelting facilities. The ore has to be shipped to England for smelting and then reexported. This line of supply has been endangered by the war, as have also our considerable imports of tin from Malaya and the Dutch East Indies. A German victory, with subsequent seizure of the English smelters, would give the Nazis a monopoly of this metal, which is indispensable in the production of light bulbs, tin-plate, brass, gun-bronze, and other copper alloys. Equally important, it would make Bolivia, where tin is king, a virtual colony of Germany's—a colony, moreover, of the highest strategic importance in Nazi plans for the conquest of Latin America. How the tin industry has been allowed to develop in a way so dangerous for the United States is an absorbing story of monopoly capital, particularly of one monopoly-capitalist, Simon Patiño.

The United States consumes 60 per cent of the world's tin output, or between 75,000 and 85,000 tons annually. At the beginning of this year it had on hand only a three weeks' supply, although a reserve amounting to 75,000 tons above normal requirements had been or-

dered from Malaya. Up to the present only about 6,000 tons of this have been delivered.

Whether the United States can assure itself of an adequate tin supply depends upon its willingness and ability to break the tin monopoly. This monopoly was organized in the early days of the depression. When the bottom dropped out of the tin market in 1931, leaders of the industry formed an International Tin Committee, with the backing of the chief tin-producing states. Between 80 and 90 per cent of the world's tin output came under the control of this committee, which fixed rigid quotas for the export of tin from each country. The formation of this cartel seemingly consolidated the position of the British Empire in tin production, since 45 per cent of the world's tin comes from British possessions and 75 per cent is smelted in the Straits Settlements and in England. In reality, however, it delivered a large degree of control over the industry into the hands of Simon Patiño.

Patiño was born some seventy-five years ago as a *cholo*, or half-caste, the son of a poor Indian woman of Cochabamba, Bolivia. His career is a fascinating story on the rags-to-riches formula. When he was about twenty Patiño moved to the mining town of Oruro and found work in a store owned by a German. He married the daughter of a peddler, and remained an obscure clerk for some twenty years. His rise to power began in 1906, when he accepted title to an untested tin mine which

later turned out to be fabulously rich. Able and ruthless, Patiño soon rose to the top of the expanding tin industry. Gradually he bought up one mine after another. By 1910 he had moved to Paris and established financial connections all over the world. He was then and is now most closely associated with British high finance, but he knows and admires both Hitler and Mussolini, and he played a leading part in financing Franco's victory. One of Patiño's daughters is married to the Marqués del Merito, a leading Spanish financier; his son married Cristina Bourbon, a niece of Alfonso XIII. For the past sixteen years Patiño has lived in France, where he owns several estates. His tax-exempt status as Bolivian Minister in Paris is said to have saved him some 20,000,000 francs a year. In 1924 he planned a magnificent homecoming to Bolivia and built three estates near Cochabamba at an estimated cost of \$10,000,000. But when he moved in and applied for membership in the Cochabamba Social Club, he was blackballed. To the Bolivian aristocrats he was still a *cholo*. He left and never returned.

Patiño controls more than half the tin output of his native country and has large interests in Malayan, Nigerian, and Netherlands Indies fields. But what gives him his real power is his control over Williams, Harvey, Ltd., the largest smelting company in Great Britain. His stake in the existing setup in the industry is much too great for him to look with anything but a jaundiced eye upon the possible establishment of smelters in the United States. Meanwhile the story that Bolivian ores could be smelted only at great cost unless mixed with Malayan ore has been effectively disproved by the Vulcan Detinning Corporation, which set up an experimental smelter at the request of the government and has been turning out 100 tons of tin a month.

The handful of American firms which have the technical qualifications and the equipment to build and operate large tin smelters have been very cautious about tangling with the Patiño cartel. Even the bait of a government guaranty of profits has not tempted them. The State Department, looking at the international implications of the problem, wants the smelters to be government-owned. The tin specialists on the National Defense Commission, however, lean toward an arrangement with the National Lead Company, with which Patiño is closely connected. Two of these specialists are former employees of National Lead; another was formerly a Williams, Harvey salesman.

Negotiations among the State Department, RFC Administrator Jesse Jones, the Bolivian government, and Bolivian producers have been dragging on for months. Besides Patiño, who recently arrived from France, the "big three" of Bolivian tin include Mauricio Hochschild and Carlos Victor Aramayo. Hochschild, of German origin, is an Argentine citizen who has built up large

interests in Bolivian tin during the past ten years. In 1936, 28.9 per cent of Bolivian tin exports came from his mines as against 51 per cent from Patiño's. He would welcome any step that would break Patiño's grip on the international ore market. Aramayo, a former Minister to Great Britain, is the owner of the third-largest mining corporation in Bolivia. He also is eager to get out of the cartel, as are the numerous smaller independent mine owners. As a result of the negotiations an agreement has just been concluded by the Metal Reserve Company, a subsidiary of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, with Hochschild, Aramayo, and some lesser producers. The Metal Reserve Company has agreed to buy tin concentrates sufficient to smelt about 18,000 tons of tin annually for five years. It will either build a smelting plant of its own or contract with a private concern to smelt and refine the ore.

It is highly significant that Patiño is not a party to this agreement. Whether he was actually edged out or stayed out voluntarily is a matter for speculation. It is probable that he will try to get in on the building of the smelters, for he must see the necessity for alternative processing plants in case Britain falls. For the moment the new arrangement will in no way impair British interests. The Patiño mines are still under contract to Great Britain for ten years. Besides, the Metal Reserves Company has agreed to release to the British, if they want it, an additional 6,000 tons of Bolivian tin a year.

Meanwhile the Bolivian Nazis have not been idle. A Bolivian fifth column is putting pressure on the government to sabotage the Washington negotiations. If victorious, Germany will go to any length to wrest control of the Bolivian tin industry from the United States. Patiño, whose leanings toward the Axis are well known, is an important factor in the German calculations. His chief supporters in Bolivia belong to Nazi circles—pro-Nazi army officers and influential Nazi agents. He is hated by the Bolivian masses, and any deal made with him by the United States would add fuel to the feeling against American imperialism.

Ever since Patiño rose to power, Bolivia has been, in effect, a "company town," its economic and political development retarded by the overwhelming importance of tin. Living in Europe, with an income many times as large as the Bolivian national budget, Patiño has virtually ruled the country as an absentee landlord. So long as its tin can be smelted only in England, the country is dependent on Patiño, who has the power to dictate how much tin it is to export and therefore how much of other things it can import. Thinly populated as it is, it must import 75 per cent of its food supplies. Such dependence on one product is bad for any country and disastrous for a small one. If a substitute for tin is ever found, or if the demand for tin drops after the war, Bolivia will face a serious situation. A market in the United States,

however, would give the country a fairly large degree of economic independence and enable the government to regulate the industry according to the country's needs.

Last year, shortly before his death, German Busch, the Bolivian dictator, attempted a bold move against Patiño. He issued a decree establishing state control of tin exports. But to make this decree effective smelters had to be established either in the United States or in Bolivia. Busch was unable to do either. His decree remained a dead letter, but it has never been repealed.

The establishment of an American tin industry may not only solve a crucial problem of hemisphere defense but deliver Bolivia from feudal bondage.

Quid pro Quiz

BY GEORGE JOEL

THE quiz program is rapidly becoming the most popular form of radio entertainment. Four years ago there was only one commercially sponsored program of this kind. Now there are forty going out over the air waves each week to a listening audience estimated at 16,000,000.

It was back in the days of the crystal sets, when stations were casting about for some form of cheap entertainment to fill the gaps between commercially sponsored programs, that the quiz was first thought of. The response from listeners was immediate and favorable, but the buyers of radio time were not convinced until 1936, when the "Professor Quiz" program, an old-fashioned question-and-answer bee, skyrocketed into popularity. Now you can't spend more than an hour at your dials at any time of the day or evening without hearing an information-elicitor questioning some person from the audience whom he has lured before the microphone.

The popularity of a radio program is realistically measured by the response it brings from the radio audience. By this test the radio quiz gets a high mark. Each week NBC and CBS receive a minimum of 450,000 questions. This figure has been constant, despite the fact that each week not more than 750 reach the air. The "Information Please" program alone evokes a weekly average of 80,000 questions, and "Professor Quiz," who makes up his own, claims a weekly mail of 75,000 letters. This avalanche of question-asking is not inspired by a desire for knowledge, since every question must be accompanied by the answer and a wrapping of the sponsor's product. A more mundane reason is to be found in the cash awards.

The quiz program has won the warm regard of the sponsor. He has at last found a form of entertainment using talent which is free, docile, and inexhaustible. Stage stars, comics of reputation, motion-picture players, variety artists demand high fees. A first-class show using this type of talent costs \$10,000 a week, and often a

good deal more, while the average quiz show—talent, production, and prizes—can be kept under \$5,000. Of all the quiz programs now on the air only two can be considered high-priced—the highbrow "Information Please" and the lowbrow "Kay Kyser's Kollege of Musical Knowledge," both sponsored by the same cigarette company. "Information Please," which earned \$4,500 a week under the sponsorship of a soda-pop manufacturer, will receive \$8,500 from the cigarette company. Kay Kyser, one of the high-priced band leaders, does even better than that, but he is sold as a personality rather than as a quiz show.

Other quiz shows are cheap to produce because the talent bill is so low. The only large salaries paid go to the master of ceremonies. The audience is the cast, and if a member is asked a question and answers it correctly, he receives from \$1 to \$75. The money is paid on the spot and invariably, for some reason I cannot fathom, in silver dollars. In the usual broadcast the prize money amounts to about \$250, but in the "Dr. I. Q." show \$1,000 is offered each week. Of this, however, never more than \$750 is awarded.

Quiz programs can be divided roughly into three classes: One uses a permanent staff of experts augmented by invited guests. In this group are "Information Please," "So You Think You Know Music," "Sports Quiz," "Beat the Band," and the "Quiz Kids." Forming a more numerous class are programs using the question-bee idea—"Dr. I. Q.," "Professor Quiz," "Take It or Leave It." In these the master of ceremonies picks a person out of the studio audience, asks him a poser, and pays him a certain sum if he answers it. "What's My Name?" is a biographical quiz in which the salient facts about a famous personage are given and the contestant guesses who it is. "Name Three" and "Ask It Basket" are similar. The third type of program has a quiz master and uses competing teams. "Battle of the Sexes" and "True or False" are examples.

Success is chiefly dependent on two factors—the cooperation of the audience in the radio studio and the skill and personality of the quiz master. The rather superior Ted Cott of "So You Think You Know Music" and the sophisticated and smooth Clifton Fadiman of "Information Please" are among the more popular of the gentlemen who ask the questions. All try to extract as many correct answers as possible from the volunteer contestants. After all, the customer is always right.

From a tabulation of the results of these quizzes the radio chains estimate that the American public has an average mark of 65 per cent. But after I had myself scored two hundred programs over a period of two months, I decided the average mark was nearer 45 per cent—this on the basis of liberal marking with allowances for "mike" fright, and with partial answers scored as correct. Considering the types of questions

asked, one must conclude that we are a race of intellectual midgets. Any fourteen-year-old with a grammar-school education should have no trouble in making a score of at least 80 per cent. The performance of the "Quiz Kids" proves this point. These youngsters, ranging in age from eight to fifteen, rarely miss more than three questions an evening, and the questions are much more difficult than those asked in the adult shows.

Here are samples of the questions asked on the various programs and the money received for the correct answers: "What is a filet?" The lady did not know and missed a prize of \$16. A man got \$8 for knowing how many *ll's* in Wendell Willkie. An offer of \$23 for bounding the state of Texas was not collected. The sum of \$60 was offered to the one of eight contestants who could name the first Republican President of the United States. Nobody said Abraham Lincoln, but two promptly came up with Woodrow Wilson. For answering "Who is the little old lady of Threadneedle Street?" \$34 was paid. The prize for the most uninformed gentleman went to a young man who, one week after McNary was nominated, couldn't name the Republican candidate for Vice-President. A \$23 prize went uncollected because a man could not give the pledge to the flag, but another gentleman walked off with \$19 because he could spell "tarpaulin," and a lady put \$21 in her pocket by defining the word "percolate."

The people who participate in these quiz shows come from all sections of the country and from every social and economic class. They are asked to name their profession, education, background, and, if young, their age before being asked a question. I discovered that the correctness of the answers elicited from the various groups had little or no relation to their economic or geographical background. What little difference there was seemed to be in favor of salesmen, who apparently think faster on their feet than professional workers. In one of the programs, "The Battle of the Sexes," a team of men is pitted against a team of women each week. On nearly 8,000 questions the men were ahead by fifteen points.

Radio broadcasting prides itself on being non-partisan, which perhaps accounts for the uncontroversial nature of the questions asked. Religion, politics, and social questions are ruled out. Current events provide favorite subjects, with American history, geography, sports, and popular music following in order. Science and literature are seldom touched on and art never.

The quiz program should open a fresh field of investigation for the psychologist and educator. No one can doubt that the person who listens at ease while someone else struggles for an answer has a warm and superior feeling, or that his ego gets a fillip when he nods his head in approval of the answer given. But what is the effect on the person who has been branded an ignoramus over the national networks?

Within the Gates

THAT STAUNCH DEFENDER of small nations, Adolf Hitler, by some trick of verbal legerdemain has convinced a large number of Ukrainian nationalists throughout the world that the hope of an independent Ukraine rests upon a complete victory of National Socialism in its war upon democracy. Despite overwhelming evidence to the contrary, they believe Hitler will support their movement to recreate a new Ukraine from territories now held by Russia, Rumania, and Hungary. These believers in independence via Nazism are banded together in two international organizations, the Organization for the Rebirth of the Ukraine and the Hetman Organization. The international headquarters of both are in Berlin, and their leaders enjoy the approval of the Nazis. Many of their members are undoubtedly inspired by a passionate desire for a reborn Ukraine; they would perhaps resign if they realized that these affiliations exist. But the fact remains that both organizations operate in various countries as Nazi propaganda agencies.

The Organization for the Rebirth of the Ukraine, generally known as the O. D. W. U., has about a hundred branches in the United States. National headquarters are at 149 Second Avenue, New York City, but actual leadership is provided largely by liaison agents who shuttle back and forth between the United States and the *Provid*, or governing body, in Berlin. At least six such agents have been active here and in Canada during recent years. Like all Nazi organizations, the O. D. W. U. maintains an effective press. Its official voice, the *Ukraine*, is edited by Vladimir Dushnyck, who before coming to the United States five years ago was detained in Belgium for suspected espionage activities. Before the war the Ukrainian Press Service, with offices at the national headquarters of the O. D. W. U., carried this caption on its releases: "Hitler sympathizes with the Slovaks, Poles, Magyars, and Ukrainians."

Professor Alexander Granovsky, entomologist at the University of Minnesota, is national president of the O. D. W. U., but its most influential member is Monsignor Ivan Buchko of the Ukrainian Catholic Parish, 22 East Seventh Street, New York City. Monsignor Buchko left Poland at the outbreak of the war and went to South America, but Argentina and Uruguay gave him a cold welcome, and Brazil had to arrest him before he could be "persuaded" to move on. He, more than any other person, has been responsible for bringing together the Organization for the Rebirth of the Ukraine and the Hetman Organization.

The Hetman Organization is a bit more conservative than the O. D. W. U.—originally it was monarchist rather than fascist—but it is no less under the Nazi thumb. Its international leader, the "Hetman," is General Skoropadsky, who in 1918 was appointed by the Kaiser to rule that part of the Ukraine which had been seized by the German army. The strength of the organization in the United States is concentrated largely in industrial cities in the Middle West, particularly Detroit and Chicago. An influential member of the Detroit unit, John Koos, is assistant to Harry Bennett, whose strong-arm methods as head of the Ford Service Department

have been brought to light by reports of the National Labor Relations Board. And speaking of Ford, when the Hetman's son, Danylo Skoropadsky, traveled in the United States two years ago, he was welcomed as a guest by Henry Ford. It is understandable that Mr. Ford should sympathize with the Hetman Organization, for it is both an enemy of trade unionism and a carrier of the bacillus of anti-Semitism.

During the past year both of these organizations have declared their devotion to democracy, but few are fooled, least of all the various pro-democratic Ukrainian associations. Three weeks ago the directors of four such societies met in New York City and voted to eliminate the O. D. W. U. and the Hetman Organization from their group activities. Delegates to a recent congress of Ukrainian organizations denounced the O. D. W. U. president, Professor Granovsky, as a "Hitler stooge."

NOT THE LEAST IMPORTANT result of the elections is the assurance that Representative Hamilton Fish will not become chairman of either the powerful Rules Committee or the Foreign Affairs Committee. As ranking Republican member of both bodies, he could have chosen either chair in the event of a Republican majority in the House. In either capacity he might have done a great deal to sabotage the President's domestic and foreign policies.

Less than a month before the German army moved into Poland Mr. Fish announced to the press in Berlin that he considered Hitler's claims to be "just" and that he favored revision of the Versailles treaty in the east. When France fell hardly a year later, he still could not find it in his heart to blame Germany. In a recent nation-wide broadcast he said: "I believe history will relate, and in the near future, that President Roosevelt and Ambassador Bullitt were largely responsible for prodding, goading, and pushing France into war." As a guest of Ambassador Horenouchi on Japan Day, June 29, at the World's Fair, he publicly justified the "China incident." "The Japanese," he said, "have proclaimed a Monroe Doctrine for East Asia. . . . We have adhered closely to our own Monroe Doctrine for 120 years, and feeling as strongly as we do about the Western Hemisphere, we cannot object to Japan holding the same views. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

Mr. Fish's views appear more alarming in the light of his collaboration with persons and groups whose loyalties are divided or foreign. As principal speaker at a German Day rally in Madison Square Garden on October 2, 1938, he attacked Administration policies because they had "embittered our relations with Japan, Italy, and Germany." A swastika decorated the speakers' platform, and when "Deutschland über Alles" was played, a large proportion of the 20,000 persons in the audience gave the Nazi salute. In September of this year he addressed a meeting of the Steuben Society, which was trying to raise \$100,000 to finance an anti-British propaganda campaign. Although Mr. Fish has denied any sympathy for the German-American Bund, the Non-Partisan Committee to Defeat Hamilton Fish has in its possession a photograph of Kuhn and Fish inspecting a map together. By a strange coincidence, no doubt, the German consul general in New York, Hans Borchers, rents his home from an estate which is administered by Hamilton Fish.

In the Wind

THE DEFENSE PROGRAM will be the target of muck-rakers any day now. A number of rumors are in the air to the effect that industry is placing a high price on patriotism. One of the industries involved is aluminum.

BEFORE ELECTION DAY the Scripps-Howard artist, Talburt, drew a cartoon showing F. D. R. trying unsuccessfully to slide into third base; it was captioned, "Out at Third." As returns came in on election night, Roy Howard decided not to take any chances with slow-witted subordinates and solemnly wired all member papers of the chain to omit the cartoon.

DOROTHY THOMPSON faces the loss of a lucrative radio contract because of her preelection attacks on the "fear" campaign waged by advertising agencies. Without naming names, she revealed the threat at a luncheon of the movie division of the Democratic National Committee.

MORRIS ERNST enjoys bringing together people of clashing viewpoints; as a result one of the strangest of modern alliances was forged. For it was at a dinner at Mr. Ernst's home that Wendell L. Willkie met John L. Lewis for the first time. Incidentally, Mr. Ernst delivered an eloquent attack on Lewis when the labor leader announced his support of his fellow-dinner guest.

LEADING NEW DEALERS who heard the broadcast from Willkie headquarters on election night were pretty alarmed by the sounds. Listening in at Hyde Park, they noted—as did a lot of other people—that the hysteria was reminiscent of the excitement in pre-civil-war Spain after the Popular Front electoral victory.

EPIGRAM DEPARTMENT: "The trouble with the profit system the last dozen years is not that it hasn't worked but that there just haven't been profits."—*Business Week*, November 2.

LONDON'S *New Statesman and Nation* reports this conversation heard in a "foreign embassy": "As petrol begins to get short, they'll have to come to an arrangement." 'Let the R. A. F. do the bombing of London and the *Luftwaffe* of Berlin,' suggested one emissary. 'But could they trust Hitler to keep his part of the bargain?' asked the other."

SITUATIONS WANTED ad in the Chicago *Daily News*: "U. S. soldier just released. Has few worries other than his unemployment situation. Wants a good job with fair pay and easy hours; knows very little of any value but is young and has his youth to offer. Can box, swim, shoot, eat, sleep, and enjoy life. Address VS, 76."

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

AND now they say unity. Everybody is for it. It began to come in on the wires with the election returns. Before people went to bed that night Jim Farley, who was supposed to be creator of division at Chicago, spoke in a fine, healing eloquence for the Democrats about the wounds of the Republicans. Mr. Willkie spoke for himself the next day when he told us that everybody should, as he would, work for the unity of the American people. Beyond such speakers, almost every editorial writer who put pen to paper used the word and its synonyms in half his sentences.

We need it. And there are certainly no signs that we shall lack it. Indeed, the election itself and the majority the President received, despite the hazard of the third-term tradition, indicate that the greatest part of America was eager in its approval of his policies. The just as patriotic Republicans and others who voted against him are making it clear through such spokesmen as Mr. Willkie and Alf Landon that they are right there, too, behind the President now in his leadership of the nation.

But as one man who walked over the dead leaves and the acorns cracked on the concrete into the filling station to stand in line to cast his third vote for Roosevelt, I would like to put it down that I am almost as much afraid of unity as in favor of it.

This campaign behind us was the grandest evidence of both American strength and American safety. The third-term tradition may have been calmly overturned by Americans exercising freely their democratic right to do it, but the equally ancient and even more vital tradition of vituperative freedom was preserved. Mr. Willkie may regret some of the hard things he said about his opponent; I certainly do not regret his right to say them. While we were knocking political heads we were being unquestionably and traditionally American. If we put anger, we also put vitality into the old unity of a people with faith in the creativeness of controversy.

Now the emphasis is on quietness, good sportsmanship, on Americans standing together against a disturbing world. Such an emphasis is undoubtedly essential. But nothing said in the whole campaign was more important than what Senator McNary said when he congratulated Roosevelt without waiting for Willkie to do so. When Mr. Willkie went to bed that night, Senator McNary had already sent his congratulations and the expected expression about unity. More important still, in his telegram from Salem, Oregon, was his prom-

ise to try to provide a worthy and vigilant opposition. As much as America felt it needed Roosevelt, it needs such an opposition also.

The value of McNary's statement, however—I thought as I read it at a news desk when it came in—runs beyond the Congress. What I am afraid of in this urging of unity is far from Congress, back in the little towns, and the big ones too. Justice Frankfurter did not mean to set the police and the patriots on Jehovah's Witnesses when he wrote in his decision that they had to salute the flag. President Roosevelt does not want a unity which means a distant misuse of people who happen to disagree with him even about defense. But nothing is ever quite so dangerous to civil liberties as a patterned patriotism on the loose, no matter how high and pure the aims and motives of those who shape it.

Not all the so-called patriotic pushing around of unpopular people with unpopular ideas in recent months has got into the newspapers. Many such cases were little incidents not worth space on the wires filled with the oratory of candidates and their friends. Some of them probably did not come to public knowledge even in the communities in which they occurred. Furthermore, Democrats were too busy hating Republicans and Republicans too strenuously engaged in disliking the Democrats to spare much time to people who disagreed with some foreign or domestic policies which might get a place now under a new label of unity. Cussing the government in these last weeks has seemed, as it was, a traditional American exercise of a native art. I hope the unified Democrats and Republicans will permit it to continue. But when I hear some patriots talk about unity, I am not sure.

Undoubtedly, there is a task in unity which belongs to both the people and the President. But this certainly does not mean, even in this emergency, that the American people should become a body of yes citizens. There will be serious questions still on which they seriously disagree. Safety depends upon such disagreement. So does democracy. Indeed, the right to disagreement is what democracy is. Now is opportunity for America to show its good strength in the magnanimous leadership of a magnificent people. And that cannot mean Americans huddling together in fear of freedom.

We need unity, but if it is to be worth anything it must have at least as much tolerance and courage in it as division had.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Late Pine Top Smith

BY PRESTON NEWMAN

I hear they've got a name for the way you played piano
Pine Top, are you listening?
... the way your big black fingers walked across the keys
Pine Top, are you listening?

*(My daddy earned his livin with a horn
An my momma sung the blues when I was born
If you'll let my body lay
An gimme room to play
I'll keep that rhythm goin when I'm gone.)*

I hear they like your stuff the same as white man's music
Pine Top, are you listening?
... the drive you put behind those offbeats up the treble
Pine Top, are you listening?

*(My woman must of chiseled on the rent
For the gun she give that light-complected gent
I slipped down on my knees
Coughed my blood across the keys
But I struck one b-flat chord before I went.)*

O you nigger
You jazz-band nigger with a bass-fiddle heart
What's the rhythm down there? How does it go?
Beat it out

... beat it out, Pine Top.

An Example for Critics

ROGER FRY: A BIOGRAPHY. By Virginia Woolf. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

LAST LECTURES. By Roger Fry. With an Introduction by Kenneth Clark. The Macmillan Company. \$5.

"IT WAS impossible," said Yeats, "to talk for five minutes to Roger Fry without finding out that he was honest," and Mrs. Woolf has now documented this judgment. Her biography, though Fry himself suggested she write it "to put into practice [her] theories of the biographer's craft," is the most impersonal and unstylized book she has yet written, demonstrating no theory or thesis except the obvious lesson in sincerity and passionate loyalty to his personal and critical responsibilities which Fry's career exemplified. The life presented had a pathos never referred to in his projects or writings. It was confined from birth by circumstances capable of obstructing beyond its repeated professional disappointments the life-work Fry chose for himself, and Mrs. Woolf, as a member of the Cambridge-Bloomsbury circle in which he found his best friends and supporters, is

well equipped to evoke its conditions and struggle. It is not inappropriate that he emerges with something of the somber yet tenacious heroism of an early Forster character—the tough vivacity of spirit, persisting even in defeat, of Ricky Elliott in "The Longest Journey."

Born of well-to-do Quaker parents, stubbornly Philistine in their prejudice against art, Fry survived the "positively suffocating" effects of that "Nomian atmosphere" and the fake-Etonian brutality of Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley's school to find his first spiritual home in the liberal-humanist brotherhood of Cambridge, where Lowes Dickinson, Wedd, McTaggart, and other Apostles became his lifelong friends. Courageously renouncing his scientific studies and his parents' ambitions—without ever losing his sense of guilt in disappointing their hopes—he faced the precarious career of painter wholly lacking in natural precocity and spontaneous talent, and handicapped by a sentimental pedantry of style of which fifty years of labor with the brush were unable to rid him. He entered the world of art when the nineties presented the most distracting conditions possible—the vested turpitude of the Royal Academy, the tame regimen of the Slade School, pseudo-French manners in decadence, and an all-pervading stupor in popular taste. He skirted with combined excitement and Quaker distaste the lures of fashionable exoticism, domestic vulgarity, and Symonds's perverse scholarship, and was soon propelled into journalism, where his honesty made enemies who obstructed his claims to honors and preferment throughout his life. Any critic who came out, in 1900, with the opinion that Alma-Tadema's tableaux were "made of highly scented soap" or that the prestige of the Royal Academy resembled that of a state theater which, endowed to produce classic drama, "pocketed its annual grant and proceeded to have thousand-night runs of 'Charley's Aunt,'" was due to raise an even louder howl than usual among the public and its potentates, and to forestall every appointment to a Slade professorship or National Gallery directorship to which his distinction soon entitled him. In 1896 he married a brilliant fellow-artist whom a disease of the skull deprived of reason and kept in asylum for almost forty years. In 1905 he accepted a curatorship at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and his four-year adventures there, parrying the Medicinal Führership of Pierpont Morgan, make a blood-curdling episode in the long drama of integrity versus power. The batterings his spirit and courage had weathered, acting on his native rigor and enthusiasm of temperament, bred "his profound tolerance and also his intolerance—his instant response to whatever he found genuine, his resentment of what seemed to him false," and when, with the first Post-Impressionist exhibition in London in 1910, Fry stepped into his first great public notoriety, he found also his full strength as a critic and fighter.

He met in Cézanne and the great Post-Impressionists the first real test of his powers of defense and exposition, a spur to his researches in primitive and classic art, and the direct inspiration of his future projects—the Omega workshops, a

new method of critical analysis, his lectures, his books, his study of abstraction in plastic art and poetry (Mallarmé), his later motives as a painter, and his brilliant service to a new generation of craftsmen and interpreters. "In so far as taste can be changed by one man," says Kenneth Clark, "it was changed by Roger Fry," but he won a greater triumph. He showed how "detachment can survive in a world of violence," and it was by such detachment—of vision, of critical honesty, of scrupulous reasoning, skepticism, and appreciation—that he arrived at the mastery which gives him his eminence in the minute company of authentic art critics who have written in English.

His authority there is defined by his deliberate and temperamental limitations. Fry's Quaker inheritance was resisted and escaped, but its moral austerity and passion for purity in motive and conduct were carried over almost intact to his critical labors. It led him to exaggerate aesthetic detachment as a *conscious* virtue. Aesthetic judgment becomes, ironically, a mask for moral judgment in his work, and what Clark calls "an austerity that made him quick, sometimes too quick, to resist superficial charms" always made it difficult for him to decide just when, and under what conditions of isolation or specific social and practical usage, the greatest freedom of the artist begins to operate, or when the mastery of abstract form rests on willed intention (as in the greatest Greek and modern sculpture) and when on the impulse and instinctive sublimation of content (as in primitive Negro art). Fry's endowment consisted in a double gift: in a realistic approach to psychological and accidental factors as they operate in art and in an exhaustible energy of sensibility. He insisted that "we want every scrap of knowledge we can glean from archaeology, from political and social history, and from the study of documents"; he was enormously stimulated by modern psychology in studying plastic values and imagery; but his greatest research went to the analysis of "pure art," of vision as "an expression and a stimulus of the imaginative life, which is separated from actual life by the absence of responsive action" and by "the greater purity and freedom of its emotion." For this sensibility he admitted no substitute, least of all in what he most abhorred—the systematic aesthetics of modern historians or psychologists like Strzygowski, Lipps, and Wölfflin. His efforts in general theory thus threaten to lapse into another of his abominations, the impressionistic solipsism which his moral rigor protested when he found it in Symonds and the men of the nineties. He never knew genuine philosophic discipline, and the poverty of his processes and terminology appears when he approaches that territory. But his patient mastery of critical and analytical sensibility—his cleansing freshness of insight, his scrupulous sympathy, his vivid sense of formal relations—was controlled by another discipline, that of a passionate and almost perfectly liberated reasoning faculty, which he set in equal opposition to convention and to instinct. "He believed in reason," said E. M. Forster in a comment written on Fry's death in 1934 which now takes on a special force:

Since the war an increasing number of people have come to feel [that belief in reason is based upon a misconception which we should correct], and are taking refuge in authority or in intuition. Authority attracts our dictators and our serfs, because it seems to promise a stable society. Intuition

attracts those who wish to be spiritual without any bother, because it promises a heaven where the intuitions of others can be ignored. Now Roger Fry rejected authority, mistrusted intuition. . . . He had, in this respect, the unworldliness of his Quaker forebears, and he could always shake an opinion out of its husk and hold it up to the light of reason, where it often shriveled to nothing at all. If you said to him, "This must be right, all the experts say so" . . . he would reply in effect, "Well, I wonder. Let's see." He would see and would make you see. You would come away realizing that an opinion may be influentially backed and yet be tripe. . . . Intuition he did not reject. He knew that it is part of our equipment, and that sensitiveness which he valued in himself and in others is connected with it. But he also knew that it can make dancing dervishes of us all, and that the man who believes a thing is true because he feels it in his bones is not really very far removed from the man who believes it on the authority of a policeman's truncheon. So he was suspicious of intuition, subjecting it, as it were, to a fumigating process, and not allowing it into his life until it was well aired.

However this may hint of Fry's defect in creative power and the inhibiting excess of his resistance to tradition, it would be difficult to specify more plainly the morality of criticism, particularly at this moment of strain and violence. And it is not surprising that a man who practiced that morality as Fry did had to wait until he was sixty-seven to achieve a Cambridge professorship and to find time for his last and greatest project—a complete and corrective survey of art history. That work, characteristically refreshing and sharp-sighted, was cut short by death at the end of the lectures on Greek art, and now Virginia Woolf, with a self-effacing sympathy instructed by Fry's own model of enthusiasm and modesty, has portrayed the integrity of character by which Fry's work was accomplished and by which that morality may be profitably studied by anyone seriously concerned with its future prosperity. MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

Soldiers for a People's War

NEW WAYS OF WAR. By Tom Wintringham. Penguin Books. 25 cents.

"TODAY, it is the duty of all citizens of a democracy," writes Tom Wintringham, "to understand this business of fighting, for a people's war." If we accept this thesis, his little book is worth the attention of the citizens of this country even though it is addressed primarily to Britons. For the American army, like the British, suffers from inbred professionalism and tends to cling to outworn traditions. It is therefore important, at a time when our army is being rapidly expanded, that an informed public opinion should be brought to bear on the problem of how to make it truly effective in the defense of democracy.

The first half of this book analyzes the nature of modern war and shows to how great an extent it demands from the soldier the qualities of intelligence, independence, and initiative. *Blitzkrieg* is a natural development of the infiltration and defense-in-depth tactics which the Germans worked out toward the end of the last war in an effort to break the deadlock of the trenches. It cannot be withstood by static masses of troops but must be met by a defense line with the maximum of elasticity, a line which can give when necessary

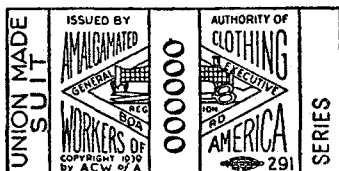
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without losing its ability to snap back for the counter-attack which is essential to sound defense. In this kind of warfare large bodies of men cannot be held in close order, all doing the same things at the same time under the command of a senior officer. Small units will be frequently on their own with only general instructions, and hence junior officers, non-coms, and even privates must be trained to take responsibility and to adapt their tactics to circumstances.

The spirit of the Light Brigade—"Theirs but to do and die, theirs not to reason why"—is definitely out of place in modern warfare, but it still pervades the British army, together with an emphasis on cavalry charges, bayonet fighting, and close-order drill. Tom Wintringham believes that soldiers should be told not merely what to do but why they are doing it. He advocates the minimum of drill necessary for rapid and orderly movement and condemns the barrack-square grind designed to produce obedient automatons. Better physical and tactical training is provided by football and by Boy Scout games which teach the participants how to take cover.

The author of these heresies, let it be understood, is no armchair theorist. He went through the Great War in the British army and the R. A. F., and he commanded the British battalion of the International Brigade in Spain, where he enjoyed a preview of *Blitzkrieg*. He is now head of a school for the intensive training of the British Home Guard, and it is to the members of this body that the second half of this book is addressed. It tells how to make hand grenades and how to use them, how to convert a shotgun into a lethal weapon, how to dig a trench and defend a house.

Finally a brief and eloquent chapter discusses how to mobilize Britain's full resources for its struggle and how to raise the morale of the nation to its maximum. This program reaches well beyond the accomplishments of the Churchill government, but British democracy, faced with disaster, is regaining its vitality, and ideas which seem radical today may be enforced by popular demand in the not distant future.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Lost Plays

AMERICA'S LOST PLAYS. Volume I: "Forbidden Fruit and Other Plays." By Dion Boucicault. Edited by Allardyce Nicoll and F. Theodore Cloak. Volume II: "False Shame and Thirty Years." Two Plays by William Dunlap. Edited by Oral Sumner Coad. Volume III: "Glaucus and Other Plays." By George Henry Boker. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Sculley Bradley. Princeton University Press. \$5 Each Volume.

THESE are the first fruits of an elaborate publishing venture undertaken with the aid of the Rockefeller Foundation and carried out "under the auspices of" the Dramatists' Guild of the Authors' League of America. Barrett H. Clark is general editor, and there is an imposing "advisory board" as well as a special editor or group of editors for each individual volume. Ultimately there will be twenty volumes containing one hundred plays chosen from the work of dramatists ranging chronologically from William Dunlap to David Belasco. The present volumes are carefully edited and handsomely printed.

Apparently a "lost play" is, by definition, any unpublished play the manuscript of which has more or less fallen out of sight. The editors have, however, been so assiduous that according to Mr. Clark's General Preface they have located not only the hundred manuscripts they propose to publish but four hundred others, and are sure that many more could be found. There are, Mr. Clark adds, fifty unpublished plays by Boucicault in a private collection; more than a hundred by Harrigan elsewhere; and, in still another collection, more than two thousand manuscripts, mostly unpublished, including most of the characteristic plays seen on the stages of this country between 1880 and 1900. Historians of social and political events have been known to express the fear that the accumulation of material was threatening to make the writing of history impossible, and historians of literature may well feel some uneasiness also. The fact remains, nevertheless, that it is difficult to know where to stop, and the present collection certainly promises to add materially to our knowledge of the American drama.

The two hitherto unpublished plays by Dunlap are, respectively, an adaptation from Kotzebue and a fairly close translation from the French of Prosper Goubaux and Victor Ducange; the three from Boker are a comedy, a melodrama, and an unperformed verse tragedy; the six from Boucicault are even more various, as befits the character of a writer to whom the pomp of historical tragedy, spectacular melodrama, mildly naughty farce, and noble Irish sentiment were equally congenial. With the dubious exception of Boker's tragedy, none of the plays is worthy of survival on literary merit, but the chief aim of the series is, in Mr. Clark's words, "to bring together an exhibition . . . of curious and illuminating criteria of public taste"; and from this standpoint the Boucicault volume is probably the most interesting. From "Forbidden Fruit," a lively and not unlaughable farce, one may observe what constituted reprehensibly "Continental" frivolity in 1880, when William Winter complained that the piece "trailed the banner of the noble Wallack tradition in the gutter." "Dot," a dramatization of "The Cricket on the Hearth," contains some fine specimens of the nobility of sentiment then common in humble breasts. "If I were you, I'd rather be the widow of Ned's memory than Queen of England, and I'd give no man the right to take his last kiss off my lips, his lock of hair out of my breast, his image from my heart, and his own beautiful, dear, dear letters from under my pillow. Them's my sentiments."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Lifar on Diaghilev

SERGE DIAGHILEV: HIS LIFE, HIS WORK, HIS LEGEND. By Serge Lifar. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.

THEATRICAL memoirs generally interest only those of us who care passionately for the theater. A great actor or dancer or singer puts out a book once to the ten times of a surgeon, or the hundred times of a soldier; and rarest of theatrical books is the life of an impresario, the man whose position is always ambiguous, even during his own lifetime, the man who takes credit for everything that his artists execute, and usually, the man whose artists grudge him even

"HAROLD J.

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has given us the most eloquent statement we have yet had of the great truth of our era—that if democracy is to survive, it must do so in a revolutionary spirit."—MAX LERNER

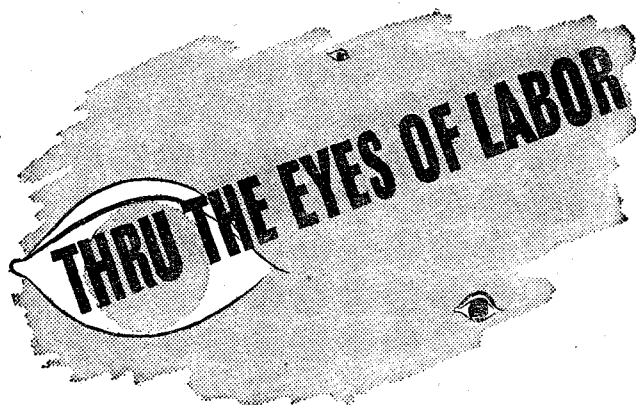
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a moiety of gratitude. The case of Diaghilev is the most extreme to be found. Such was the nature of his work and personality that even now, eleven years after his death, it is nearly impossible to say what he did or did not do. Even his foxiest detractors are forced to admit that he created an atmosphere of possibility in painting, music, and the dance, through the agency of his Russian Ballet, which had not been seen before and has not been seen since.

Those who care about the Russian Ballet will read Lifar's book in spite of any or all reviews. Few others will buy a five-dollar book which is a monumental agglomeration of factual misinformation, repetitious quotes from well-known books now in print, startling omissions, and maddening technical errors. But the book does also contain information that can be found nowhere else, and a running commentary by a protege of the great man which, though it is by turns waspish, hysterical, unreliable, is also on occasion extremely penetrating and even touching.

Diaghilev managed to endow the various talents he brought together with an intense aura of immediate importance. His emphasis on a new score, a new painter, a new dancer was irresistible. He could dictate acceptance even by the manipulation of opposition, as in the case of the first surrealists. His gifts were essentially political rather than artistic, and for music rather than for dancing. It was accidental that he found the ballet on his hands. He would have preferred opera; he felt frustrated by having produced so little opera in his life. Above all, he had the wonderful advantage of a conscience free from the fettering ethics of "nice" people in the theater. He was not a nice man. He ordered one set of costumes for "Le Boutique Fantasque" from Bakst and at the same time another from the young Derain. He could barely afford to pay for either. Of course Bakst left him, "betrayed." Swearing eternal gratitude to one dancer for a "triumph" during an entr'acte, he saw to it that his successor was kept out of the wings at least until the performance was over. Lifar suffered from all the changes in Diaghilev's temperature, from boiling to freezing. He transmits a good deal of what it must have been like.

Lifar himself was a boy with remarkable personal beauty who enjoyed the advantage of having a series of works composed for him by fine choreographers who were always aware of his limitations. These were serious, as he came late to dancing. In his best years Lifar was like the small diamonds in expensive settings sent to Cartier's every spring to be renewed. Now he is a megalomaniac of a rather simple order. His prose style, in Russian, may easily have been influenced as he says, by Dostoevski, but in translation it sounds like *True Confessions*. With something like staggering insolence, he never once mentions Arnold Haskell's "Diaghilev," published four years ago, though Haskell did all the ground work. One should not expect either scholarship, taste, kindness, modesty, honesty, or completeness from a *premier danseur étoile*; one may expect temperament, anecdotes, irritation, and naivete. One gets them in this book.

Scarcely a page is without some peculiar rendition of a proper name. The anonymous and very bad translation on at least four occasions completely distorts the original meaning. It would be useless to make a list of typographical errors—Anktan for Anquetin, Ronche for Rouché, Gondara for

Gandara, for example—but one series of really funny mistakes may be mentioned. On a page showing portraits of composers connected with the Ballet Russe we have a picture of Poulenc labeled Claude Debussy, and a picture of Darius Milhaud labeled G. Auric; on another, portraits labeled Pavlova and Kshessinska are reversed.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN

The Philosophy of Peirce

CHARLES PEIRCE'S EMPIRICISM. By Justus Buchler.

With a Foreword by Professor Ernest Nagel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

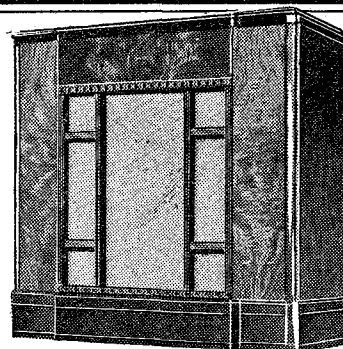
AS TIME goes by and the material to be found in "The Collected Papers" of Charles Sanders Peirce is explored and interpreted, the stature of the man grows larger and larger. Not very well known in his own day, he has gradually come to be recognized as one of the dominating figures of American philosophy. Toward the assimilation of Peirce's thought Dr. Buchler's book is an important contribution, and not only because it is the first book-length study to be published. Scholarly, perspicuous, cautious in its judgments of perplexing material, sticking close to the task of exploring a self-assigned area, this study is, nevertheless, illuminating and exciting, because at the same time that it clarifies its subject matter through exposition and criticism it makes explicit its incidence on contemporary problems.

Dr. Buchler's choice of Peirce's empiricism for study was made on the belief that what is not empirical in his thought is of secondary importance. This thesis is only indicated, not defended, but a large number of his readers will approve of the selection on the conviction that there is urgent need in our day for an adequate empirical philosophy. From Peirce we can learn two things without which empiricism must needs fail: the conditions which govern meaningful communication, and the fact that truth is essentially a public affair, dependent on procedures of verification which can be made explicit and criticized. To learn this is to learn what is the difference between purely speculative activity, lacking anchorage in the objective world, on the one hand, and those habits of mind on the other which have produced results in the exact sciences. It is also to put ourselves in a position to use these habits effectively in other disciplines than those in which they were brought to their present perfection.

It is well known that William James credited Peirce with the original development of pragmatism. But the contributions which Peirce made to the movement have not always been properly appreciated. Dr. Buchler emphasizes the fact that for Peirce pragmatism, as he once put it, was fundamentally "a proposition of logic," a device whose function was to determine the meaning of terms; and in the rough this doctrine will be recognized as very similar to the operationalism which Bridgman developed a little over ten years ago. Peirce, who looked on the dilution of thought with distrust, was often worried at the way in which James "transmogrified" his method into a general philosophic scheme, for though he thought that some of the extensions

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made by James and the other pragmatists were legitimate, some he thought positively were not. Dr. Buchler does not attempt an exhaustive comparison between Peirce and James. But he does go into their conceptions of the function and nature of pragmatism. And by throwing light on these basic issues he leaves us considerably advanced toward a judicious resolution of the controversy. Dr. Buchler inclines to the view that though for James pragmatism was a genuine and living conviction, it was not, as in Peirce's case, "a conviction born of considerable intellectual labor."

Peirce's intimate familiarity with the procedures of the laboratory, his creative interest in logic, and his profound analysis of what traditional philosophers had attempted to pass off as knowledge led him to the conviction that our best knowledge is likely to remain always vulnerable, must always be fallible. This is not the same, however, as a skepticism based on an analysis which any reflective person must at some time or other perform on the grounds of knowledge from a psychological standpoint. It is rather a profound and original examination of the alleged indubitable cognitive elements or sources on which philosophers have sought to rear their claims to dogmatism. These foundations he found worm-eaten with unwarrantable assumptions. But when he turned to the sciences he saw that they did not start from absolutely error-free foundations. The scientist starts with whatever knowledge he may happen to have at hand, and originally science started from common sense. The scientist trusts his results because the techniques by means of which he achieves them are public and subject to criticism and improvement as they are successively applied. These insights, referred to as "fallibilism" and "common-sensism," innocent though they may look, are powerful weapons capable of piercing through the heaviest dialectical armor to the heart of dogmatism. But mark that they do not leave us in skepticism, for we are not condemned to utter know-nothingness simply because our beliefs are always open to improvement. Not only are verified opinions more or less stable, but the trust we once put in conclusions may now be transferred to a method that emerges from its struggle with error better fitted to secure stable conclusions than before.

We are not today altogether unfamiliar with these doctrines. One need not have read much of Dewey to realize that fallibilism and common-sensism are of the essence of his philosophy. But while Dewey, the positivists, and some others may have already made us familiar with the important insights of Peirce's thought, Dr. Buchler's study does not thereby lose its value. For in philosophy what is of greatest importance is not the conclusions at which we may arrive, important as these no doubt are, but the manner of arriving at them. This is something of which the study of Peirce should easily convince us. And it is in his critical elucidation of the techniques by means of which Peirce arrived at his conclusions that the chief merit of Dr. Buchler's work lies. Since to be ignorant of Peirce is to be ignorant of one of the most profound and original minds that this country has produced, this book, though by no means an elementary introduction, should find its way into the hands of all those interested in the intellectual history of America, whether they are professional students of philosophy or not.

ELISEO VIVAS

IN BRIEF

I RODE WITH STONEWALL. By Henry Kyd Douglas. Edited by Fletcher M. Green. University of North Carolina Press. \$3.

One reason why the American Civil War fascinates students of military history and writers of romance alike is the fact that, to a greater extent than any comparable conflict in history, it was fought mainly by amateurs. At least, most of those who took part in it started as amateurs, and some of the highest rank stayed that way. Others learned their grim profession quickly enough but never stiffened into the military mold. This was true of Henry Kyd Douglas, who at twenty joined the Army of Virginia as a private and at twenty-five was a colonel commanding the last brigade to lay down its arms at Appomattox. He served on Stonewall Jackson's staff in both the Valley and the Peninsula campaigns, and his memoirs include many informal sidelights on the character and methods of the great general. The book ends with an illuminating account of the trial of Mrs. Surratt and Booth's co-conspirators, at which the author was a witness. Written originally immediately after the war and revised thoroughly by Colonel Douglas a few years before his death in 1903, this work deserved to see the light long ago.

ON THE LONG TIDE. By Laura Krey. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$2.75.

Six hundred pages of romance, glamour, and action ought to make this historical novel about the founding of Texas a natural for the movies. The hero is a tall handsome devil whose cousin "Jeff" turns out to be Thomas Jefferson, whose best friends are Lafitte the pirate, Stephen Austin, and Sam Houston, and who practically took Texas from the Mexicans single-handed. The author is convinced that the War of 1812 was fought to keep the British from impressing our seamen, that a few Northern fanatics caused the Civil War, and that Mexicans are either foolish little yellow people or murderous fiends. Why read it when you can see it with Gable?

DUTCH INTERIOR. By Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

The title of this book refers to its genre rather than to its locale, which is Ireland. In a series of scenes selected from the private lives of a single group of people but stretching over a period of many years, Mr. O'Connor paints a

realistic composite picture of the Irish temperament and of life in a modern Irish city. These vignettes naturally recall "Dubliners," but they are warmer, more full-bodied than Joyce's work.

FOR US THE LIVING. By Bruce Lancaster. Frederick A. Stokes. \$2.75.

A robust, frontier-flavored novel about young Abe Lincoln and the people among whom he grew up in Kentucky and Indiana in the 1820's; ends with Lincoln's decision to run for the Illinois Legislature again after his initial defeat.

TIME FOR A QUICK ONE. By Margaret Fishback. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.

In a time of general calamity for comic poets Miss Fishback struggles valiantly to extract the fine fervor of the peaceable thirties from her traditional material: the glories of living in Manhattan as contrasted with rustic torture; spring attacking Murray Hill; the general madness of Christmas cards, Sunday driving, female fashions, and so on. It can't be done, and her few attempts at serious verse—on the war, gas masks for babies, and living in the land of the free and the home of the brave—don't improve matters.

ART

Murals in the Future

WHAT is to become of the movement in mural painting encouraged by the Fine Arts Section of the Federal Works Agency? The question was raised by Forbes Watson at the symposium connected with the exhibition of the National Society of Mural Painters current at the Whitney Museum of Art. At the back of the speaker's mind lay the inevitability of the coming conflict between the rearmament program and art projects like the Administration's; and his answer to the question was—the fate of the movement rests in the muralists' very hands. No one but themselves can persuade the public of the value of their efforts and performances.

Well and good, one said to oneself; yet precisely how are they going to manage to persuade the public? Does a favorable ground exist? The craze for mural painting that descended on us less than ten years since, the craze encouraged by the New Deal—did it in the first place have a wide foundation in something like a desire for collective expression in art? Or was it superficial and

the reflex of the brilliant success in fresco-painting of the Mexicans? And, whether profound or superficial, may it not well have run its course? The valuable achievements which flowed from it in post offices and other public edifices cannot be many; and there are few Romans today. Romans are persons who remain patient during the many days it takes to build Rome: in less figurative language, during the time consumed by even the fittest artists in acquiring by process of trial and error the technique of a new medium.

Besides, one thought disconsolately as one wandered about the rooms, just how many personalities are there among the muralists able by an intrinsic weight to encourage further public support? Not many, according to the antediluvian exhibition of the National Society of Mural Painters. Whether the show is or is not representative of the movement as a whole, certainly it evinces the persistence of a dull ideal. The standard of craftsmanship among these 150 decorators is anything but high. Maxwell Starr alone among them seems to have a sense of the look of a wall. Their color is prevalently sour—above all, though they have abandoned the allegorical subjects of the older school, there is little or no fresh feeling of life. This want is perceptible in the triteness of the drama in the mass of the subject matter—itself ranging from historical subjects of the Washington Crossing the Delaware type to Walkowitz-like fantasies of workers resting; from pictures of Negroes in cotton fields to Bentonian corruscations of lust in the form of reflections on the vulgarity of nightclub life. Almost a sole exception is J. M. Newell's conception of the Underground Railway.

And still it would be shameful if the administration lost its initiative and sacrificed the mural movement. A start has been made: everyone has seen at least one fresco that was worth possessing. It cannot cost vast sums to keep a half-dozen sentient craftsmen in walls and paints and stepladders and let them freely continue their experiment of expressing with realistic motives a feeling of life in decorative terms. The result may be that most useful essence, beauty: which is to say the truth in its human form. Not merely the agreement between the object and our conception of it, but between the object and a conception born perhaps of humor but certainly of love. The agreement in which man alone embraces his own being and becomes himself.

PAUL ROSENFELD

RECORDS

THE expansiveness one hears in Ernest Bloch's Piano Quintet may be regarded by some as being less truly contemporary than the exasperated irritation that seems to be embodied in Mark Brunswick's Sonata for solo viola; but it produced a more satisfying piece of music. These two works were heard at the second New Friends of Music concert—the one played by the excellent Marcel Dick, the other superbly done by the Budapest Quartet with Sanroma. And at the next concert there was Bela Bartok's new Sonata for two pianos and percussion instruments, which kept Bartok and Ditta Pasztory Bartok and Messrs. Goodman and Denecke busy at the pianos and percussion instruments for thirty minutes without letting me hear anything that justified their being kept busy at all.

Dorothy Maynor's recital gave evidence of increased control of her voice—in the fact, for example, that there wasn't the change in color in almost every note of the scale that can be heard on last year's records. From her exquisite phrasing of Schuman's "Du bist wie eine Blume," her helter-skelter delivery of Schubert's "Ungeduld," her impressively dramatic treatment of Franz's "Im Herbst," and—most successful of all—her singing of Bizet's "Adieu de l'hotesse Arabe" I would conclude that

her fine musical instincts have yet to develop into a deeply rooted and matured musicianship, and are aided meanwhile by a lively dramatic imagination and great personal charm, of both of which, in fact, there is a little too much exhibited to the eye right now. And at this concert her work suffered from the mincing, mannered piano accompaniments of Arpad Sandor.

Another work of Bartok, "Contrasts" for violin, clarinet, and piano, recorded for Columbia by Szigeti, Benny Goodman, and Bartok himself (Set X-178, \$2.50), makes no more sense to me than the Sonata. Columbia's outstanding November set is the one that Stravinsky and the New York Philharmonic made of the usual concert excerpts from "Petrouchka"—as against the entire ballet that Stokowski recorded for Victor. They comprise the Russian Dance, the music of Petrouchka's room, and most of the concluding carnival scene, superbly played, and recorded with a hard brilliance that Stravinsky probably does not mind (Set X-177, \$2.50).

At the head of Victor's November list I would put the set of Mozart's Clarinet Concerto K. 622 (Set 708, \$4), which has given me my first hearing of a work that would be heard constantly if conductors did not regard concertos as mere exhibition pieces for soloists (the Clarinet Concerto is to be played at last by the New York Philharmonic only because Benny Goodman's box-office value caused him to be engaged as soloist). The work has the late-in-life calm of that extraordinary first movement of the Piano Concerto K. 595; but whereas in the Piano Concerto we get, with the calm, intimations of the agony that preceded it, in the Clarinet Concerto the calm is that of a lovely, radiant lyricism. Occasional oversharp nuances aside, the solo part is beautifully phrased by Reginald Kell, in a sensitive orchestral framework provided by the London Philharmonic under Sargent.

Columbia's long-promised series of reissues of hot jazz classics has got under way at last, with no less than four albums and a large number of single discs. One of the albums is devoted to Bix Beiderbecke, and mostly to some of the performances he recorded under his own name with small groups. These are largely collective improvisations by the group playing at full blast from the first note to the last—which means Beiderbecke playing powerfully and fairly close to the tune, but always with that unique sensitiveness of inflection, and not always clearly heard. The superb

"Jazz Me Blues" and "Sorry" have been available on Vocalion 3042 and 3149; now, in the Columbia album (C-29, \$2.50), we get a few more that are good—"Goose Pimples" and "Royal Garden Blues" (35664), "Thou Swell" (35665), and "Ol' Man River" (35666)—as well as "Louisiana" (35665), in which Beiderbecke does nothing comparable with his wonderfully sensitive solo bit in the Whiteman performance on Victor 25369, and "Wa-Da-Da" (35666), which is uninteresting. On the fourth record (35667) is part of the Whiteman performance of "Sweet Sue," with Beiderbecke's sensitive solo; and I would say his piano-playing was not sufficiently interesting for the reverse side to be given to "For No Reason At All in C."

The Louis Armstrong album (C-28, \$2.50) offers couplings of the superb "Potato Head Blues" with the uninteresting "Heebie Jeebies" (36660); "Squeeze Me" with the previously unissued "S. O. L. Blues," both fine (35661); "Save It Pretty Mama" and "No One Else But You," also very fine (35662); and the remarkable "Knockin' a Jug" with the previously unissued "Twelfth Street Rag," which I don't care much about (35663). "Potato Head Blues," I might add, is available with the equally good "Put 'Em Down Blues" on Commodore's U. H. C. A. 59-60; and "Knockin' a Jug" with the superb "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" on 35-36.

The rest of these reissues, together with recent jazz records, next time.

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Letters to the Editors

The National Guard Needs Streamlining

Dear Sirs: The recent maneuvers of 65,000 national guardsmen at Sparta, Wisconsin, in which guardsmen from seven Middle Western states went through three weeks of intensive drill, disclosed an appalling lack of efficiency on the part of the officers in charge. Lieutenant General Stanley Ford of the Second United States Army, who was in command of the encampment, admitted as much several days before the men broke camp, when he called in the officers and bluntly told them that they had done their job poorly.

I resigned from the Wisconsin National Guard in September, being a married man with dependents, and therefore I feel free to point out some of the glaring instances of inefficiency in the management of the Sparta camp.

Observers agree that in supplying adequate food for the men, executing orders, and providing proper training for the men the officers bungled their job. Not once did more than a handful of boys, outside those in the hospital, receive any fresh milk or cream. On the second day of camp, my company of ninety men was given nine eggs for breakfast. Other companies had the same experience many times. The coffee was so bad that many men refused to drink it. Investigation disclosed that the government had paid around six or seven cents a pound for it.

The slowness of the officers in carrying out orders was amazing. I should explain here that the officers on the various staffs were principally reserve officers, who had not been through the weekly drill that the regular guardsmen and officers participate in during the year. These reserve officers do a lot of military work by correspondence, and only once in several years go to camp for actual military training. The following incident will illustrate the slowness with which they moved.

The mock war, high light of the encampment, was called off by army officers at noon on Monday, August 27. There was a driving rain at the time, and my regiment was in a woods some seven miles from the base camp. Instead of ordering the men back to camp immediately to get them out of the rain, the officers in charge allowed six

hours to elapse before giving the order to move.

On the first day of the mock war the men marched from one in the afternoon to one the next morning with heavy packs on their backs—without a meal. The reason was that the trucks containing the mess kitchens did not get to their destination till seven hours after the appointed time. On another occasion, after a long daytime march, my regiment was ordered to pitch tents in woods where some regular-army soldiers had camped the night before. When the boys had virtually completed pitching their tents, the order came to move to another location because the woods weren't clean. The officers in charge had just got around to inspecting the place.

But the most serious defect of this encampment was the kind of training offered. In the whole three weeks the men spent one solitary day in rifle target practice. Most of the time was devoted to marching, with some reconnoitering through woods and brush. Yet in real war nowadays the soldiers do little marching; they ride in trucks. I should say in passing that plenty of time was devoted to teaching the men to fix their cots just so.

Very few of the latest weapons of war were available. National guardsmen are supposed to have the Garand rifle, but only a handful of the boys had them. Tanks, trench mortars, light machine-guns, and howitzers were conspicuous by their absence.

I spoke one day with the captain of a nearby unit, and together we went over the difficulties that the guardsmen had been up against in the encampment. Our criticisms boiled down to the following:

The reserve officers and many of the Guard officers are obviously inefficient and do not fit in with the scheme to streamline the National Guard as a necessary unit in defense.

More weapons of war are needed, and more practice in their use.

The commissariat department of the National Guard needs a thorough overhauling.

Officers should spend less time in their headquarters and more in the field with their men.

DAVID VELIE

Monroe, Wis., November 1

Labor Must Act

Dear Sirs: I have noted with some surprise your editorial reaction to the defection of John Lewis from the ranks of Roosevelt supporters. I say "surprise" because it has been from the columns of *The Nation* that in recent weeks I have gathered the impression that labor has every reason to be dismayed over the defeats it has sustained in the administration of the defense program. I realize that the necessity for speed has been a trump card in the hands of the industrialists, and that not every setback for labor should be regarded as expressing the will of the President; yet the question arises, would this labor-supported Roosevelt Administration have allowed to pass unpunished the use of the same trump card for obstructionist purposes by labor? And there are other matters for which the President is more directly responsible, such as the one pointed out in your issue of November 2—the recommendation of strike-breaker John J. Dempsey for the United States Maritime Commission.

As one ponders these repeated affronts to the working people, one feels that here a labor leader has a problem to which he should not optimistically close his eyes. To me recently the labor leader's task has seemed such a difficult one, his responsibility to secure some real evidences of good faith such an important one, that a mere dwelling on some of the inane things Lewis said seemed too easy and unqualified a reading of the whole matter. I should have expected *The Nation* to give us a more thoughtful analysis of why Lewis did what he did, and I should still like *The Nation* to give us its own constructive suggestions as to what labor could do to make itself felt politically in such crises as the present one, under the two-party American system.

Hasn't labor, in indorsing Roosevelt despite all the snubs recently received, put itself in the same position as the Labor Party in England, which joined the war government expecting to get concessions from it afterward instead of exacting them before? This party now finds itself, for example, asking fellow-workers all over the world to aid a Britain which continues to intern many known anti-fascists, a Britain whose leading editorial voice can continue to

Intone such sentiments as "General Franco is above all a man of character" (London *Times* of November 1, quoted in London broadcast of WABC, New York). With labor in this country in an even weaker political position than it is in England, isn't it about time for labor leaders to do something?

IRMA B. FONTANA

New York, November 4

Mr. Villard's Contribution

Dear Sirs: After reading Mr. Villard's letter to the New York *Times* which you reprinted on November 2, I reread his recent book "Within Germany." He wrote there: "I feel certain Germany will not win this war. Freedom, human decency, and dignity forbid it. Humanity and justice and morality forbid it." And of the contemplated destruction of London by Hitler, he said: "Destroy this city? Well may the Germans pause, for this that looms so somber and so vast is not England's alone. This is the heritage of all who say that men shall be free. For him who lays violent hands upon it there will be forgiveness never."

Noble thoughts these, nobly put. And now look upon the Mr. Villard who wrote the letter against Roosevelt to the New York *Times*.

As a reason for attacking the President he says, "Mr. Roosevelt ties us to one side in the struggle," thereby confronting us "with the awful choice of peace or war"; and he follows this up with a warning that "entering the war will mean the death of our own democracy." Simply interpreted, his words mean: let London be destroyed, let this citadel of freedom be overrun by Nazi hordes, let the swastika fly over England, let human decency and morality and justice be crushed by Hitler's barbarism—all this is no concern of the United States, and we must keep out of the struggle. That, in essence, is Mr. Villard's contribution to the very grave situation confronting the world.

H. LANDSBERG

New York, November 6

For the Cortelyou Plan

Dear Sirs: W. P. Cortelyou's plan for referendums by postcard (The Nation of October 26) is to my way of thinking a very constructive suggestion. In fact, I should style it "A Plan to Further and Improve Our American Brand of Democracy."

An appalling number of our citizens, in every walk of life, now say, "I don't

take much interest in politics. What's the use?" A compelling reason for such lack of interest is the fact that while persons in political positions are supposed to be the servants of the people, under current conditions the ordinary citizen enjoys the exercise of his sovereign right only for a few minutes of one day every two or four years. With the Cortelyou plan in operation every citizen would spring into action as one who was called on to exercise judgment on all public questions. The resulting sense of responsibility, the assurance of sovereignty, would create a democratic solidarity that would guarantee our impregnability against any foreign foe.

To make the Cortelyou plan perfect, I should have on those yes and no cards a line for a simply expressed reason for the voter's decision. This would still further enhance the consciousness of sovereignty—now one of our greatest needs.

JOHN S. GOGIN

Walhalla, N. D., November 6

Socratic Anarchism

Dear Sirs: It seems to me that respect for our legislators requires us to assume that the heavy penalties of the conscription act for refusal to register were aimed at evaders, dodgers, slackers, and not at such men as the Union Seminary students, whom you describe as "honest and earnest young Christian pacifists." They took their stand in the open, choosing—as they conceived the situation—to obey God rather than men. For such an inspiring demonstration of independence and courage and loyalty to conscience we should all be grateful.

It may be the federal attorney's duty to take formal action against them, but I shall be very much surprised if they receive other than merely nominal punishment. A liberal and reasonable interpretation of the law makes their offense merely formal. For by identifying themselves to the registrars and giving their grounds for refusing to register, they virtually registered. That is to say, they gave the government all the information it needed inasmuch as they are exempt from military service anyway.

They took the one way that was open to them of effectively bearing their witness against conscription and the collective homicide for which conscription is a preparation. Was it "a form of libertarianism perilously close to anarchism"? And what is wrong with that Socratic type of anarchism? I call it admirable.

HENRY W. PINKHAM

Newton Center, Mass., October 18

South American Air Mail

Dear Sirs: There has been much talk about the improvement of our relations with South America. The Havana conference was very successful. Since then, American destroyers have visited several harbors in Latin America, and the government in Washington has extended credit to various states. It seems that some effort is really being made to counteract German influence in the Western Hemisphere.

If we are to deal with South America, however, the air-mail postage must be reduced. As is well known, an ordinary letter takes from two to three weeks to reach Rio de Janeiro or Buenos Aires, and therefore almost all business correspondence has to be done by air mail. But air mail costs 40 cents the half ounce to Brazil and 50 cents to the Argentine.

Today Germany offers cheaper prices and better credit terms than the United States. To challenge the Nazis successfully, we shall not only have to export on a cheaper scale, but also have to reduce our air-mail rates and encourage as much business correspondence as possible.

FRED ROSENAN

Philadelphia, November 8

CONTRIBUTORS

H. G. WELLS, the well-known English author, is now lecturing in this country. His latest book, "Babes in the Darkling Wood," appeared a few weeks ago.

EDSEL KELLY is the pseudonym of a prominent South American writer and lecturer.

GEORGE JOEL is an editor of the Dial Press.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL is the author of "Literary Opinion in America."

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is the author of "Blast at Ballet."

ELISEO VIVAS is a member of the Department of Philosophy of the University of Wisconsin.

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